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THE MINISTRY.

THE reconstruction of the Cabinet has been dictated by prudence, or rather by necessity. There is little wisdom or patriotism in taking the opportunity to frame a comprehensive indictment against an inevitable Minister. If parties had been equally balanced, the Opposition might fairly have made a push for office, and a personal selection among rival candidates would naturally have been influenced by a comparison of their respective merits. Except for the gratification of angry feelings, it was utterly useless, under present circumstances, to dwell either on Lord RUSSELL's advanced age or on the questionable passages of his political career. The choice of the Crown would, even before the general election, have been restricted to three real Prime Ministers, and to about an equal number of ostensible candidates for the office. Lord DERBY has since been eliminated by the votes of the constituencies; and, if Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE had been passed over, the QUEEN must have applied to Lord CLARENDON, Lord GRANVILLE, or the Duke of SOMERSET. Any one of these noblemen might possibly preside with credit over a united Cabinet, but among the official Peers Lord RUSSELL alone has a popular reputation and a political following. If his claims had been neglected, he would almost certainly have retired from office, and his name would have become a rallying point for discontented members of the party. It was still more necessary to consult the susceptibility and the legitimate ambition of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is much more difficult to find a leader of the House of Commons than a Prime Minister, and no colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE could for a moment dispute his pre-eminent right to the vacant post. The first Minister in importance has consented to be the second in rank, under a chief who, having been the leader of the party thirty years ago, is now approaching the close of his official life. It is scarcely probable that any statesman of secondary position would have commanded similar deference. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not remained Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord RUSSELL, he would either have formed a Cabinet of his own, or have broken up his party. It is difficult to believe that Lord RUSSELL's assailants really desired to place the absolute control of the Government in the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE. If occasional eccentricity forms a disqualification for the highest office, Lord RUSSELL, who has been partially tainted by years and experience, is not the only possible subject of a hostile biography. The welfare of the country depends so largely on the efficiency of the Government that it is almost always a duty to allow a new Ministry a fair trial; and the obligation is still less doubtful when a Cabinet has been formed by the only available combination of statesmen. Lord STANLEY belongs to the future, and the party which he may perhaps lead has not yet come into existence.

Strong in Parliamentary support, not deficient in administrative capacity, and including one great and versatile orator, the Government is nevertheless inadequately represented in the House of Commons. Lord PALMERSTON, at the commencement of his last term of office, relied not only on his own ready tact and recognised authority, but on the popularity of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, and the vast acquirements of Sir GEORGE LEWIS, as well as the consummate eloquence of Mr. GLADSTONE. In training up successors to himself and to his principal colleagues, Lord PALMERSTON was either negligent or unlucky; and he has consequently left behind him, not a deluge, but an inundation or swamp of mediocrity. Sir GEORGE GREY is a graceful speaker, and Sir CHARLES WOOD is an experienced public servant; but both Ministers have passed their prime without securing in the House of Commons an influence which they are unlikely to attain in their later years. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL is the only powerful auxiliary on whom Mr. GLADSTONE can rely in debate; and should the leader himself offend the House by any occasional indiscretion, no colleague will be competent to cover his retreat or to baffle the triumph of the Opposition. There is,

indeed, reason to hope that increased and constant responsibility may teach Mr. GLADSTONE that discretion is more indispensable than originality or vigour; but until he has acquired a character for cautious prudence, his friends and followers will watch his management of the House with not unreasonable anxiety. Mr. DISRAELI, though far inferior to his rival in eloquence and in knowledge of public business, is formidable in attack and skilful in discovering oversights and errors. If Sir HUGH CAIRNS pairs off with Sir ROUNDELL PALMER—Lord CRANBORNE, Mr. HARDY, General PEEL, and Mr. HENLEY will find no equal antagonists remaining on the Ministerial bench. In the ensuing Session Mr. BRIGHT will be ready to throw his shield over the Government; but the advantage of his support is doubtful, and the cost at which it must be purchased may ultimately be found ruinous. Lord RUSSELL has every reason for wishing to strengthen his Government, but he has little choice of eligible candidates for office. The meshes of the net which swept up the Liberal politicians of 1859 were close enough to intercept all but the smaller fry of aspirants; and, of the not inconsiderable shoal which was included in Lord PALMERSTON's haul, one has since escaped into open or non-official water. Lord GREY, indeed, still remains outside the Ministerial ranks; but his allegiance to his party is supposed to have been shaken, and there are peers enough in the Cabinet. Recruits are wanted only in the House of Commons, and the supply is extraordinarily scarce.

The only Liberal speaker of the first order who might be invited to accept office is probably regarded with imperfect sympathy both by Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. LOWE is not conciliatory either in debate or in the transaction of business, but his eloquence and his general knowledge would greatly increase the Parliamentary resources of the Government, and the vacant Duchy of Lancaster would provide him with an office where there are no schoolmasters or inspectors to worry, and no managers to offend. Unluckily, however, Mr. LOWE has declared himself the principal opponent of Parliamentary Reform, in a speech which incidentally reproved and confuted the extemporaneous doctrine of Mr. GLADSTONE. It may be considered almost certain that a Bill for effecting a change in the representative system will be introduced in the ensuing Session, and the appointment of Mr. LOWE to a Cabinet office would be an act of defiance to the extreme Liberals and to all professed Reformers. Lord PALMERSTON would probably have accepted the risk, and he would have disregarded, as in his dealings with his present successors, all personal discrepancies and resentments; but Lord RUSSELL is perhaps not equally pliable, and in dealing with vacancies, especially in the House of Commons, he must necessarily take Mr. GLADSTONE into his councils. For the public interest it is not undesirable that an able and vigilant critic on the Liberal side of the House should be urged, both by private and by patriotic motives, to keep a vigilant watch on the shortcomings of the Government. For opposite reasons, Lord RUSSELL will probably be debarred from inviting the aid of Mr. FORSTER, who would otherwise be a useful member of the Government. An announcement that a measure of Radical Reform was impending would be at least premature. Nine-tenths of the House of Commons dislike the prospect of any considerable change, and any excessive proposal of the Government would furnish a welcome excuse for rejecting its entire policy.

It is strange that a great and free nation should think it necessary to adopt a measure which it disapproves and dislikes; and it is only a little more intelligible that its leading statesmen should deliberately rest their political hopes on an enterprise of more than doubtful expediency. The universal regret for Lord PALMERSTON has derived some of its intensity from the belief that Mr. BRIGHT's language was more accurate than courteous when he lately declared that the PRIME MINISTER's death would be welcomed as the signal for Reform. It is understood that Lord RUSSELL supposes his own reputation to be identified with periodical innovations in the

representative system. He lately took occasion to explain that, when travellers sit down to rest, they are only taking breath for their further journey. The welcome halt is over; and Mr. GLADSTONE has pointed to distant heights which yet remain to be climbed. In short, for various reasons, either personal or public, the ninth or tenth Bill of additional Reform will either confirm or destroy the stability of Lord RUSSELL's Cabinet. The question is so troublesome, and a tolerable solution is so desirable, that politicians who are neither sanguine in temperament nor habitually adventurous may be induced to give a candid consideration to any moderate and plausible project. In later years Lord RUSSELL has shown a disposition to protect the constitution of society against the exclusive predominance of a single class. Enlightened Liberal politicians have perceived the danger of democratic monopoly, and, last of all, the constituencies have worked out the simple arithmetical calculation which proves that whatever power is transferred to a new body of voters must be taken from themselves. The old dilemma is still in force, for the advocates of numerical supremacy are the only genuine supporters of any kind of Parliamentary Reform. The Government, however, may probably find itself strong enough to protect minorities by artificial contrivances, and partially to neutralize by some complicated machinery the direct results of a Reform Bill. As seven years have passed since Mr. GLADSTONE argued in favour of small boroughs, it would be rash to assume that he still objects to larger electoral districts. The inevitable opposition of the representatives of small constituencies to any measure of disfranchisement will be a better security for the preservation of some wholesome anomalies. There is, however, little use in discussing the character of an unborn Reform Bill. The Government is in all probability about to incur the pain and peril of producing an offspring which may or may not be a credit and a blessing to its parents.

FOREIGN OPINIONS ON LORD PALMERSTON.

THE name and fame of PALMERSTON were great on the Continent, where he had been feared, and talked of, and looked on as a demonic man, embodying the might, the goodness, and the wickedness of England for at least thirty years. He literally did what the poets call make himself a name; for on the Continent he had a name which was as great as he was, but which was distinct from himself, and had a character and a power of its own. The PALMERSTON of whom the Spanish and Austrian and Prussian journals write is not exactly the same PALMERSTON who in the flesh went down to Tiverton and chaffed the local butcher, and who came up to Westminster and, without either opposing or holding in any very strong way the opinions of his party, kept men together by tact and inexhaustible good sense, and by being the sublimation and quintessence of a "good fellow." To the Continental mind, the PALMERSTON they were told of, and read of in the dim way in which foreign organs of knowledge think it necessary to treat of English affairs and English statesmen, was a being of a very different order. He was a fiend, and the Austrian and Spanish journals evidently pique themselves on the impartiality and generosity they display when they now declare that he was not such a bad fiend after all. He was not so black as he was painted. But still he was bad—both bad in himself and because he represented the English spirit, which is notoriously and eternally bad. It is pleasant, in perusing these effusions of foreign journalists, to find that they do not really think that English statesmen, or the English spirit, or anything else that is English, is so very desperately bad. Their hatred is professional and theoretical. They are bound by tradition and by their calling to say that England is very domineering, grasping, and egotistical. But they manifestly do not feel this very deeply. They take the predominance of England as something coming upon them in the order of nature which is not quite to their taste, and which it is rather dashing, smart, and comforting to rail against, but which has a right to exist. They speak of England as a fox-hunter speaks of frost, or as a Londoner in March speaks of an east wind. Nobody really hates an east wind, and Mr. KINGSLEY says he positively dotes on it. There are KINGSLEYS even in Austria and Spain who, for the mere oddity of the thing, and moved by a wholesome wish to shine by the utterance of queer contradictions of general opinion, declare that they loved PALMERSTON. But the ordinary judgment on him—if an opinion based on so slight a foundation may be dignified with the name of a judgment—takes another direction. The public writers of those countries—which, it must be owned, have found PALMERSTON troublesome enough occasionally—speak the truth rather than only what is good of the dead. They blame him,

abuse him, inveigh against him; but they give it to be understood that, in the superiority of their elevated survey of the world, they can distinguish what, considering he was an Englishman, must be held to be in some sort pardonable in him. Can the English leopard change his spots? And PALMERSTON was only the spottiest leopard ever reared, and permitted by a wayward fate to roar and frisk, to the discomfort of all the good people who loved the wholesome passivity of an old-fashioned state of society.

This name of PALMERSTON, this shadow and ghost of himself that has haunted the Continent so long, and frightened it, and made it believe in the distant and yet inevitable power of England, as in the power of an unseen, fleshless, Cimmerian world, illustrates in the most striking way how like, and yet how unlike, history must be to facts. There is a reason, and a very good reason, why this feeling should have sprung up. Lord PALMERSTON was a very able, a very firm, a very tenacious upholder of the interests of England. But the particular facts alleged to justify this feeling, the instances quoted to show how much mischief he did, the manner in which he is represented to have been associated and almost identified with his country, take us into the land of fable and popular belief instead of the land of true narrative. A Spanish paper, for example, says that "to Greece, Portugal, Italy, and Central America" "Lord PALMERSTON had, in the early part of his life, shown" "himself to be unjust, harsh, egotistical, and grasping." It would be equally true to say that he showed himself egotistical and grasping to the King of SIAM, or the King of the Cannibal Islands, or the Man in the Moon. There is absolutely no sense, nor even the rudiments of sense, in the accusation. How can any human being show himself to be egotistical to Central America? Does the writer mean that Lord PALMERSTON was arrogant and offensive in his despatches to such important States as Costa Rica, and Ecuador, and Nicaragua? He means nothing of the sort. He merely puts in the names as a flourish. He has a vague notion that there is a universal Continental tradition that PALMERSTON has been in his time a terrible man, and has done things at the memory of which mankind ought to be indignant. But of what these things are he does not happen to have the very slightest idea. So he throws in the names of the first countries that come into his bewildered head, and boldly asserts that PALMERSTON was once harsh and unjust to them. But, to make it quite safe, he prudently adds that this was in PALMERSTON's early life. It seemed for the moment a plausible theory that this bad behaviour was displayed a very long time ago, for the writer must have been aware that, so far as his own personal recollections went, PALMERSTON had neither been particularly harsh to Portugal nor particularly egotistical to Guatemala. Nor, when we pass from Spain to Germany, are we able to associate the description given of the man with anything we know of the man himself and of his acts. A leading Prussian paper tells us that on several occasions Lord PALMERSTON deserved the thanks of Russia, for "in various matters he did not oppose that Power" "in the proper way." Very intelligent Continental writers, such as flourish at Berlin, may possibly have heard of Mr. UNQUHART and his accusations; but even the most intelligent Continental writers cannot, perhaps, be expected to know that those accusations were utterly ludicrous. A Vienna paper, on the other hand, says that Lord PALMERSTON did exceedingly well until the close of his career, and then he made a fatal mistake, which will make England one day own that he had better have died sooner. This mistake was his violent enmity to the North in the recent American war. How is it possible for an English Minister to satisfy foreign critics? During the whole of the American war Lord PALMERSTON kept as profound a silence with regard to it as was possible in the First Minister of the Crown. He never uttered a hostile word against the North, and the Cabinet over which he presided is acknowledged by the American Minister himself to have acted in a spirit of the best and fairest feeling towards the Federals. Is all pretended knowledge by people of one country as to the people of other countries as baseless as this? And when Englishmen find fault with SCHMERLING, or BISMARCK, or NARVAEZ, are their observations as wild and their charges as unfounded? All the foreign criticisms of Lord PALMERSTON's character and career bring us to an abyss of doubt. The only irreproachable journal is the leading journal of St. Petersburg, which, with great tact and discretion, avoids errors of all kinds, for it frankly avows that it knows very little of PALMERSTON, promises to transcribe what it may find written about him, and only ventures to pronounce an opinion that the death of Lord PALMERSTON will produce in the three kingdoms "one of those" "profound sensations which leave a mark of emotion in the" "history of nations."

ALL the foreign papers agree in asserting that PALMERSTON represented England in a way and to a degree altogether peculiar to himself, and they are inclined to attribute this extreme intimacy of union to the skill with which he shifted his opinions, and the readiness with which he took up the popular fancy of the day. They say that he was a Tory so long as Toryism was popular, and became a Whig as soon as Whiggery became the fashion. This is true so far as the bare fact goes. Lord PALMERSTON did change his party at the time when there was a great alteration in the prevalent opinion of England. It is also true that he, on one or two great occasions, associated himself more readily and eagerly with the popular feeling than any other leading statesman. This was especially so in the case of the Crimean war; and, although he had in this instance a rival in Mr. GLADSTONE, it was also conspicuous in the case of Italian liberation. But the conception of Lord PALMERSTON which these facts suggest, true as they are literally, is a false one. His good sense and growing experience showed him that, if the Reform Bill was to produce its proper fruits, the country could not be governed on the principles of the Tory reaction. For some years before the Reform Bill he had been a Liberal Tory, and even to the end of his life he was a very Conservative Liberal. There was no radical difference of opinion which he had to surmount, or which, according to the Continental theory, he had to pretend to surmount in order to please the nation, and so become popular, and be permitted to continue at the head of Foreign Affairs. Those foreigners, however, who have had really to do with him in recent years have judged him fairly enough, and the expressions used with regard to him by the Courts both of France and Italy have been prompted by a sincere sense of the services he has rendered to those countries. There was a time when he was always quarrelling with France, and when, it must be owned, he treated France rather cavalierly, and carried his point by sheer force of will. Mere diplomatic victories are generally very poor things, and are too often nothing but means of imperilling the gravest interests of a nation in order to gratify personal spite or personal vanity. But considering the occasion, the sort of persons, and the sort of measures that were to be combated, there are few passages of modern English history more gratifying than the record of the skill, the courage, and the complete success with which Lord PALMERSTON baffled M. GUIZOT when that clever representative of French intriguers came to see personally what triumphs he could win over English statesmen. But, after the Empire was established, wiser counsels prevailed in France. There has been no intriguing against England in the last fourteen years, and therefore PALMERSTON has not had to fight the same kind of fight as that in which he shone when challenged by M. THIERS and M. GUIZOT. If this is fortunate for both countries, it must also be owned to be creditable to the existing Government of France.

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN ON FENIANISM.

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN has issued to the clergy of his diocese a curious address which may possibly produce a beneficial effect in discouraging seditious movements. The Archbishop, and the Roman Catholic priesthood throughout Ireland, are perfectly sincere in their disapproval of the Fenian agitation, but they are not unnaturally sensitive in their unusual position as allies of the Government and advocates of loyalty. The Pope's confidential representative in Ireland experiences an additional difficulty in preaching the doctrine of common sense and ordinary morality, for Dr. CULLEN was selected for his post, in preference to more popular competitors, because education and long residence had made him rather an ecclesiastical Roman than an Irishman. He has been accustomed to speak, and perhaps to think, in the tumid Latin of the Vatican, and the dull superlatives and pompous exaggerations of his acquired dialect may not unfrequently be traced in his vernacular compositions. Some parts of his present address are sensible and practical, and in one or two passages he verges upon humour. Other portions of his missive might have been extracted from the Pope's late Allocution, or from almost any document of the kind which has been published within the last dozen years. If the Archbishop had been the most practical of laymen, he could scarcely have improved on the tests by which he proposes to judge the leaders of the Fenian movement. "What public services have they rendered to the country? What claim have they to demand our confidence? . . . Are they men of religion? Are they men remarkable for their sobriety, their good conduct, and their attention to their own affairs? Have they been successful in business? Are they men to whom

"we would lend money, or trust the management of our property? Were they to succeed, would they be good rulers and good magistrates? . . . In the case of the leaders of the Fenians, if these questions had been seriously considered, no men of sense would have joined their ranks." Insurrection, confiscation, slaughter, and robbery are not to be encouraged by peaceable subjects or by venerable prelates; but one design, which is now for the first time attributed to the Fenians, fills the pious Archbishop with almost incredulous horror. "They are said to have proposed nothing less than to destroy the faith of the people by circulating books like those of the impious VOLTAIRE." The common forms of Papal rhetoric involuntarily recur as soon as the orator comes to a pause. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of the Fenians than the circulation of the works of VOLTAIRE, who, indeed, would have been the first to denounce a vulgar and rebellious rabble. In his own time VOLTAIRE corresponded familiarly with Cardinals, and he once or twice exchanged civilities with a Pope, but for three-quarters of a century he has been coupled in the comminatory formularies of the Roman Court with ANTICHRIST and LUTHER. The name of VOLTAIRE is the symbol of evil, and the intentions of the Fenians are mischievous. It follows, therefore, that O'MAHONEY, STEVENS, and their accomplices intend to circulate *Candide*, *Zadig*, and the *Philosophical Dictionary*. "Fortunately," adds the Archbishop, resuming his own line of argument, "the managers of the *Irish People* had not the wit or talents of VOLTAIRE"; and it may be added that, unlike their prototype, they were not supporters of monarchical government and aristocratic institutions.

The oddest parts of Archbishop CULLEN's address are the title which groups together Orangeism and Fenianism, and the portions of the document in which the powers of the law are invoked against "Ribandmen, Freemasons, and Fenians." All sensible men disapprove of the Orange Society, but at the present moment it would seem that an exclusive denunciation of the Fenians would be more to the purpose. It is utterly absurd to assert that "this party some years ago attempted to exclude Her present Gracious MAJESTY from the throne," and the Orangemen, whatever may be their errors or delinquencies, are not engaged in a conspiracy to dismember the Empire. As for the harmless Freemasons, they are not known to have incurred the penalties of human law, and any spiritual censures which they may require have been unsparingly pronounced by even a higher authority than Dr. CULLEN. The common assault, however, on flagrant offenders and on habitual objects of dislike, although it is neither logical nor dignified, is perfectly intelligible. An habitual grumbler, when he has reason to complain that his butler has cheated him, is not unlikely to add that his cook spoils his dinners, and that the housemaids make fires which smoke. A concentrated stroke is delivered with greater force, but a wild random blow expresses general irritation. If Archbishop CULLEN or one of his parish priests found it necessary to censure drunkenness, they would not strengthen their warnings by objecting at the same time to smoking. If tobacco is as bad as whisky, whisky must be as good as tobacco; and, for the same reason, a Fenian may defend himself by the companionship in guilt of respectable Orange noblemen and of harmless Freemasons. When the Archbishop asserts that "Orangeism is logically the parent of Ribandism and Fenianism," he must be fully aware that his imaginary pedigree has no relation to the real origin of secret societies. In Belfast itself the members of the Orange Society contemplate no more formidable enterprise than a purposeless periodical riot. It is possible that Fenianism may be rendered more unpopular in Ireland by the fiction that it is connected with Orangeism; but to ordinary understandings Archbishop CULLEN's remarks on the chances of assistance from America are more convincing. "Unless," he says, "the Fenians in the Great Republic armed themselves with swords as long as those of the great Fenian giant of olden times, and struck their enemies across the vast ocean, I do not see what service they could render." When a high Roman Catholic dignitary condescends to satire, there is a strong presumption that the object of his ridicule is essentially absurd.

Archbishop CULLEN guards himself, as might be expected, against any apparent admission that Ireland is not amply provided with wrongs, but he shows a laudable candour in allowing that there is also hope of redress. If "it required the interference of Parliament to get one Catholic schoolmaster appointed in the Hibernian school," it may at least be inferred that Parliament has interfered. It is certainly not true that, "since Emancipation, Catholics are practically excluded from every office of trust and emolument." One Irish Roman Catholic judge sits on

the English Bench, and several on the Irish. The partial exclusion of Roman Catholic members from political office is entirely due to the policy of the priests, and of the constituencies which they influence. Mr. MORE O'FERRALL has been Secretary of the Admiralty and Governor of Malta, and Mr. MONSELL has served in the War Office; but for fourteen years scarcely any Irish Liberal has been allowed to accept office without forfeiting his seat. It is a discovery of Dr. CULLEN's that "Catholics are carefully excluded from all high offices in the army." There is no profession more thoroughly free from religious favouritism. If there is any foundation for the complaint of undue preference to Protestants in the revenue departments and in other branches of the public service, Archbishop CULLEN is perfectly right in denouncing an injustice which the Irish Government and the Treasury are bound to correct. It is satisfactory to remember that zealous Protestants allege on their own side a precisely similar grievance, and that they especially object to the distribution of legal appointments.

It is more gratifying to record Archbishop CULLEN's acknowledgment that "at present the Government and the people of England are well inclined to redress our wrongs." "Indeed," he adds, "they would save themselves great trouble and expense by doing so. If the people of Ireland were fairly dealt with, revolutions and conspiracies, Whiteboys and Fenians, would no longer be heard of; the people would be happy and peaceable, and a source of strength to the Empire at large; it would not be necessary to increase the military and police, and to double the taxation." It is not in the power of the Government or of Parliament to remove all the evils which Dr. CULLEN attributes to objectionable laws and modes of administration; but kindly feeling, impartial distribution of patronage, and, above all, judicious recognition of existing facts, may do much to conciliate a population which resents the memory of obsolete persecution rather than actual injustice. The Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have much in their power, and although it would have been desirable that their predecessors of three hundred years ago should have accepted the Reformation, it is idle to affect blindness to their spiritual and temporal influence over the great body of their countrymen. A sense of public duty, quickened perhaps by a common interest, has for the first time during many years induced them, under the guidance of their superiors, to attack with the formidable weapons of ecclesiastical censure the avowed enemies of the English Government. If the reconstituted Cabinet possesses any instinct of statesmanlike wisdom, some effort will be made to respond to the virtual overtures of peace which are implied in joint political action. Archbishop CULLEN may be excused if he taunts the English Government with its support of the Italian Revolution, and especially when he ridicules his rivals of the Protestant Establishment for their civilities to GARIBALDI. It is not worth while to discuss the analogy between the reunion of the severed provinces of a great nation, and a conspiracy for dividing the United Kingdom into two unequal and hostile sections. The Archbishop is the more welcome to his fancied dialectic triumph because the Italian question is settled, and the policy which he censures belongs to the past. England has no present intention of injuring the Holy See, although the sympathies of the majority of the people will be necessarily influenced by their opinions. The Protestant Governments of Prussia, of Baden, and of Holland contrive to maintain a tolerably good understanding with the Roman Catholic clergy and people, nor is there any reason why England should be especially obnoxious to Rome. The statesmen of England are not in general bigoted, and, although it is neither practicable nor desirable to muzzle Exeter Hall, the Government ought to treat all religious opinions and organizations with respectful consideration. Lord DERBY has learnt by recent experience the impolicy of his resistance to a just concession demanded by the Roman Catholics. Lord RUSSELL had previously suffered by a similar act of indiscretion, and no political leader has anything to gain by encouraging religious dissension. Notwithstanding the questionable passages which relate to the Freemasons and to GARIBALDI, Archbishop CULLEN's address presents a favourable contrast to many former sacerdotal manifestoes.

FRANKFORT AND ITS NEIGHBOURS.

THE relations of little States to those larger States of which they are nominally independent, but on which they are locally dependent, and with which they are connected by a common blood, or language, or both, are necessarily somewhat obscure. The lesser is obliged to pay some deference to the

greater, and it is only reasonable that it should do so; but where legitimate influence ends and bullying begins, it is hard to say. Belgium has recently been induced or forced to pass a law by which the Government may at any time expel aliens who happen to be obnoxious to neighbouring Powers, and whose stay in Belgian territory is therefore likely to get Belgium into trouble. The first application of this Act shows why it was made, and the author of the *Propos de Labienus* was ordered to quit a country which lies under the shadow of the wing of the great French eagle, whose present owner and master he had bitterly offended. The Swiss cantons contiguous to France are, in the same manner, obliged to forbid the circulation within their limits of publications directed against the EMPEROR of the FRENCH. This is a violation of national independence. Theoretically, Belgium or Geneva has as much right to insist on affording an inviolable asylum to all political refugees as England has. But smaller States must yield sometimes; and there is a difference, felt and obvious at once, though not one which international law can notice, between a Frenchman crossing an invisible line and seeking, among a French-speaking people, a shelter for the attacks he meditates against the French Government, and the same man crossing the Channel and being engulfed with his plots and his invectives in the mournful obscurity of Leicester Square. The orders issued by Prussia and Austria to the Senate of Frankfort not to permit any further assemblages of persons who meet with the avowed object of subjecting the conduct of the two great German Powers to criticism of the most unfriendly kind, are couched in very peremptory and overbearing language. Frankfort is nominally as independent of Prussia as Strasburg is. But there is a certain amount of reason in the claim urged by Prussia and Austria, which, combined with the very indisputable amount of force at their command to make up for whatever may be deficient in their arguments, will be certain to secure obedience. It is a very strong measure of local independence to demand that Frankfort, the seat of the Federal Diet—a city actually occupied by Austrian and Prussian troops, and which gains its importance from the influence which the Diet that meets there is enabled, by means chiefly of Austria and Prussia, to exercise, or to affect to exercise, in Europe—should allow itself to be made a focus of the most violent agitation against its two great neighbours. The independence which Frankfort derives from the Constitution of the German Bund was not meant for this, and it is neither possible nor desirable that German States should be as independent of each other as the whole German community is of the outer world. The dispute—if a peremptory command to yield can be called a dispute—between this little city and Prussia and Austria is a purely family quarrel; and although the stronger disputants happen now to be using their power to stifle criticism on acts which are a most legitimate subject of criticism of the sharpest kind, yet it is scarcely to be expected that, having this power, they should refrain from using it. If things took another turn, and the strength of Germany were in the hands of the Liberals instead of the hands of the reactionary party, we can scarcely believe that the exiled BISMARCK and the discredited SCHMERLING would be allowed to gather together their adherents at Frankfort, and issue hostile Junker manifestoes from the Hotel de Russie.

The meeting of delegates which was permitted at Frankfort, and whose gathering has excited all this wrath in Austria and Prussia, was a complete failure. It broke down because the deputies who were invited from Prussia and Austria refused to attend. The Prussians declined because, as the chief object of the meeting was to abuse the great German Powers for the part they had taken in the affair of the Duchies, they would have had not only to censure the conduct of Count BISMARCK, but also to censure Prussia for profiting by his unscrupulous promotion of her interests. The Prussians, even when they belong to the most liberal section of Prussian politicians, cannot bring themselves to do this. They like the advancement of Prussia, the increase of Prussian territory, the enlargement of a Prussian population and of the material of Prussian armies. They like the notion that Prussia is now to have a navy, that she is to share the dominion of the Baltic with Russia, and they naturally enjoy the persuasion that they have won a triumph over France and England. This may be inconsistent, but it is very much like human nature. Stern political moralists say that it is very wrong to have such feelings; that Liberals ought, before all things, to be just; and that a nation shows its inherent slavishness when it prefers aggrandizement without to freedom within. There are many similar dictates of stern political morality which are in a manner true, but which a sort of rough common sense teaches

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us to ignore. Patriotism is not very logical, and most men who love their country like to see it advanced, even by means that they cannot quite approve. They think that the same result might have been brought about in a better way, but still they like the result. They cannot undo the history of their country, and are obliged to accept, and accept without reluctance, what men whom they justly condemn have done for them. None of the many bitter French critics of LOUIS NAPOLEON who declaimed against the Italian war, and the corrupt and perfidious bargains out of which it sprang and to which it led, would dream for a moment of giving back Nice and Savoy. And it may be observed that outsiders allow themselves a similar latitude of judgment, and permit themselves to approve the consequences of deeds, although they unhesitatingly blame the doers. Count BISMARCK appears to us to have acted with a shameless disregard of promises, professions, pledges, and all the precepts of international law. He has set a very bad precedent, and this precedent may some day be turned to the great detriment of Prussia. But although he had not the slightest right to steal the Duchies, the theft is one not unprofitable to Europe. It is a very good thing that the borders of Prussia should be enlarged, and that a strong, populous, and enterprising Power should be consolidated in Northern Germany. The little sovereignties of Germany have proved an utter failure, just as the little sovereignties of Italy were. The individual sovereigns of these little States may be full of excellent intentions, as the Duke of SAXE COBURG is, and as the Grand Duke of TUSCANY was. But the political scheme which they represent is a bad one. It offers no bulwark against foreign interference, it narrows and deadens social life, it fritters away human thought and human existence in such absurdities as ordering men to salute an empty carriage where a Wurtemberg Princess might be, if she were not in bed. The advance of Prussia is a clear political gain to Europe, just as the creation of Prussia was a very great gain, although it was mainly the work of one of the most unscrupulous men who have lived in the modern world.

The Austrian delegates who were invited to Frankfurt declined, because, as they alleged, their position in Germany had been quite changed by the new policy of their EMPEROR towards Hungary. While M. SCHMERLING's policy was in the ascendant, the main notion of himself and of all Austrian Germans was to make Austria a great German Power, using the influence she acquired by having such large possessions out of Germany to overawe and control the Germans of the South, and, so far as possible, of the North also. The Parliamentary opposition to M. SCHMERLING was mainly composed of persons who thoroughly accepted this leading conception of policy, but differed largely as to the means to be taken. They wanted a triumphant Germany in Austria, but a Germany with a free press, with a better currency, with an improved commercial code, with an army less numerous to pay, and a police restrained within narrower limits. The Federalist system of Government is quite as much opposed to their views as to the views of M. SCHMERLING; they wanted a Parliamentary government which should prevail over the whole Empire, and be guided not by outlandish half-barbarian Magyars and Wallachs and Croats, but by the highly educated, the civilized, the clever Germans of German Austria. They are now told that this cannot be. They are only members of a Federation, and not even the most important members; for the determination of the conditions on which the Federation is to be based rests, not with them, but with Hungary. Those, therefore, among them who as notorious opponents of the late Ministry were invited to Frankfurt, indulged their feelings of pique and dissatisfaction when they announced that they were now too much implicated in an alien polity to pretend to take a part in German affairs; and at the same time they doubtless consulted their safety, for the present Ministry in Austria is quite averse to the whole theory which the Liberals of German Austria tried to maintain, and is therefore stigmatized by the Vienna press as reactionary. It would not be inclined to take a very lenient view of the conduct of Austrian subjects who might go to a city like Frankfurt and there declaim against their own Government. And until the position of Austria with regard to Hungary, and the position of Prussia in Northern Germany, is a little more fixed, meetings of indignant delegates can do very little good. The German nation is at this moment puzzled and bewildered, and cannot make out what will become of it or what it ought to wish should become of it. The Saxons, for example, may naturally feel that it is hard they should be treated with such high-handed contempt by Prussia; but they put up with it, not only because they have not strength to

resist, but also because they are not sure they are called by wisdom or honour to make any vigorous stand against Prussia. The Germans do not exactly like the destiny that is beginning to overshadow them, but they do not view it with the feelings which would have inspired them before they had learnt that, in the face of recent changes in Europe, Germany must have some simpler and stronger bond of union than could ever have been given it by its defunct Confederation.

FUNERAL ORATIONS.

THE *Times* has the peculiar advantage of being considered abroad as the representative of English opinion. Its title to this honour may be contested by those who know more of the mode in which it is carried on, and of the inspiration under which it occasionally works. But the human mind needs a personification to help it to the conception of an abstract idea, and the *Times* furnishes to the Continental politician the material embodiment of the invisible force of public opinion. The idea, once formed, is not easily dispelled. On the Continent people are very fond of studying English manners and modes of thought, as a natural curiosity. They are perpetually looking at us from every possible point of view, measuring the cyclical revolutions of our opinions, registering our aberrations, forming theories as to the elemental forces to which our various motions are due. This is in itself all very flattering; but it is rather vexatious to feel all the while that it is not we ourselves, but only the counterfeit presentment of us contained in the columns of the *Times*, that is being studied. Most English politicians know from experience how materially the collective opinion even of the most consistent newspaper staff is modified by the accidental peculiarities of the individual writers. But in countries where newspapers are customarily "inspired," the opinions expressed by a leading newspaper are a matter of State importance, and are looked upon as an accurate expression of the spirit dominant in the Government. This being the case, any persons who care about the opinion which foreigners may form of the English community have a strong interest that the *Times* should not commit itself.

Persons in this frame of mind must have sustained a serious shock when they read the *Times*' biography of Lord PALMERSTON last week. Even the necessity of extenuating the supposed blemishes of a great man just dead is no excuse for the extraordinary political morality which pervades the article, and, indeed, many subsequent articles on the same subject. Lord PALMERSTON's adversaries have often thrown it in his teeth that he had no opinions of his own, but readily accepted any which were necessary to enable him to continue in office. Such a reproach, addressed to a living statesman by his opponents, was within the fair limits of political controversy. But it is too hard that the devoted eulogist of the dead statesman should fling it at him with as complacent an air as if he were strewing flowers on his tomb. The theory of the *Times* with respect to Lord PALMERSTON is intelligible enough. The only puzzle is, how it can be consistent with a respect for his memory. Nothing could be less just than an indiscriminate charge against Lord PALMERSTON that, to his mind, "Opinion not seldom made evil good, and good evil"; or that he administered the highest office in the State unbiassed "by any prejudices of his own." In domestic affairs he was often open to the charge; but in foreign affairs, in which, as he considered, the national interests were chiefly wrapped up, he often incurred great unpopularity rather than forego the convictions he had formed. The truth is, that to his mind the controversies which were being fought out abroad were supremely important; and, for the sake of being allowed to influence them, he was content to abandon the much smaller issues that were being fought upon the narrower arena of English political discussion. But the injustice of his chief eulogist is, to the deceased statesman, a matter of small importance. It will not disturb him in his grave; and it will not affect the verdict which posterity will pass upon his career. But it is of importance that our constitutional system should not be despised by those who are learning by slow degrees, and at the cost of many cherished prejudices, to adapt it to their own condition. The Emperor NICHOLAS used to rail at constitutional government as a system of deceit. If the philosophy which the *Times* has constructed for the present occasion reaches the eyes of any who have studied in his school, they will chuckle over the confirmation given to their master's teaching. They will laugh to think that the triumphs of constitutional government can only be attained when men of honour and genius will consent to be weathercocks that swing before every wind, mere

tools in the rough hand of the multitude, a simple unreasoning index for interpreting the decisions to which other minds have come. And, upon that hypothesis, they would be right. It might be possible for a generation or two, during a period of transition, to press honourable and independent minds into so degrading an attitude; but the tradition that bent them to it would soon wear out. The instincts of human nature, especially when it is civilized and refined, will always revolt against acting the part of a tool, whether in the hands of a despotic sovereign or a despotic multitude. In the long run, the part of professed independence and real servility will be abandoned to those who have something to gain by acting it.

But the social portion of Lord PALMERSTON's eulogy, as it comes from the hands of the *Times* writer, is the most likely to damage us in foreign eyes. There is a degradation even beyond that of accepting the convictions of others and acting on them with loud asseverations that they are genuinely your own. That deeper humiliation is the tone of those who owe their position, not to public servility but to private adulation. There is nothing more repulsive to a mind of ordinary independence than the suggestion that political advancement is to be due to the display of courtier-like graces in private life. By common consent, the courtier of a despotic Court is one of the most degraded of human beings. His moral position differs from that of a Cuban slave mainly in the fact that he has not the fear of the lash to excuse his artificial complaisance. But the courtier of many is in no respect less ignoble than the courtier of one. If it be really true—which no genuine admirer of his career will believe—that Lord PALMERSTON owed his power to his social charms, it only proves that the English people, as a sovereign, deserve to be ranked with that basest type of monarchs who were the slaves of minions—with EDWARD II. of England or LOUIS XV. of France. Yet, in the view of the *Times* writer, social qualities appear to constitute no inconsiderable title to admiration. The fact that the founder of our religion came "eating and drinking" appeared to him to bestow a sanction upon Cambridge House parties as an instrument of government. "We, however, who breathe a religion the Founder of which was set at naught for His social habit, because He came eating and drinking, may learn not to think the less of a statesman because of his geniality, his ready jest, and 'his open house.'" There is something exquisitely ingenious in this religious peroration. Many biographers might have been puzzled to conclude their notice in this particular case with a decorous heavenward turn. But there are very few who would have been bold enough to discover the only point of contact between our SAVIOUR and Lord PALMERSTON in the parties at Cambridge House. It is undoubtedly a new view of the Gospel. We do not doubt that it will be popular. Perhaps it will give a new stimulus to the declining religious feeling of the day. A faith which offers Paradise in the next world, and Cambridge House, or something analogous to it, in this, cannot fail to be successful. The votaries of the new religion will be in a condition to pity St. PAUL, who was obviously ignorant of the peculiarly Christian value of "a ready jest." There is no such ready jester as the Christmas clown. The *Times* would have us believe that we have had him for our hero in politics. Are we to conclude that in process of time we shall have him for the object of our religion?

NEGRO SUFFRAGE AND RECONSTRUCTION.

AS Mr. JOHNSON inclines more and more visibly to an alliance with his former political associates, the first mutterings of angry disappointment are heard, not in America, but in England. The Republicans, although they are not unnaturally dissatisfied, wisely postpone the threatened rupture as long as possible, in the hope of still inclining the PRESIDENT to act with the party which raised him to office. Their English allies have not altogether the same objects to pursue, and they are less effectually restrained by considerations of prudence. Journalists and correspondents who lately protested against any criticism on American policy now habitually denounce Mr. JOHNSON as a renegade to the faith of which he never was a votary. His own countrymen are not unskilled in the use of strong language, but, as long as the breach is thought capable of repair, they will hesitate to assert that the PRESIDENT is "acting a disgraceful part," or that his mind is poisoned "by vile democratic principles." In New York, at least, the Republicans trust to the sun rather than to the storm for the removal of the obnoxious Democratic mantle. The managers of both parties have offered to nominate Mr. JOHNSON for the next Presidential

term, in consideration of his anticipated conformity to their respective systems of policy. To a large section, and perhaps to a majority, of the Republicans, there is nothing alarming in an avowed preference of the interests of the white population, nor is the concession of the franchise to the Southern negroes regarded as indispensable. The doctrines of Chief Justice CHASE, of Mr. SUMNER, and Mr. GREELEY coincide more readily with the opinions of English philanthropists; but the Republicans are not strong enough to divide their forces, and it is still in the PRESIDENT's power to secure the undivided support of the party by adopting measures of increased severity in his treatment of the South. If one result of the struggle were the conversion of extreme English Liberals into opponents of the American Government, the unforeseen antagonism would excite more amusement than surprise. During the war, sympathetic zealots were repeatedly warned that they were identifying themselves, not with a nation, but with a party. In spite of the candid statements of the principals in the contest, their English supporters persistently believed that the Northern armies were primarily engaged in abolishing slavery. They were so far in the right that the object of their wishes was incidentally attained; but they scarcely understood how little the combatants cared for the interests of the negroes, except in connection with the revival of the Union. It was always likely that the Democrats would, in times of peace, resume political ascendancy, and that, consequently, those who believed themselves to be enthusiastic friends of the Federal Government would find themselves reduced to the less satisfactory function of abetting a Republican Opposition.

The enormous power which is entrusted to the PRESIDENT adds weight to every expression of his opinions, and a speech which he recently addressed to a coloured regiment returning to Washington has excited much attention; but it is only by far-fetched inferences that any political curiosity can have been gratified by his language. Mr. JOHNSON, apparently thinking aloud, gave the negro soldiers much sound advice, recommending them to work regularly, to avoid drinking and dancing saloons, and especially to respect the tie of marriage. At the same time, he intimated a doubt whether a free negro community was capable of existing in the midst of an alien population. "Are the digestive powers of the American Government sufficient to receive this element in its new shape, and digest it, and make it work healthfully upon the system which 'has incorporated it?'" If the experiment should fail, PROVIDENCE is, according to the PRESIDENT's sanguine requirement, bound to provide some happy refuge where the negroes may live alone "in their land of inheritance and promise." In other words, it is not yet certain whether the Southern politicians were right or wrong when they declared that slavery was the only possible condition of the American negro. The alternative of a forcible displacement of four millions of inhabitants was never proposed before the commencement of the war. The Assyrian and Persian monarchs who sometimes effected a similar transplantation of subject tribes assuredly never tried the experiment on so vast a scale; and even if the scheme were practicable, it would probably be followed by a relapse into the heathen barbarism which is gradually enveloping the free population of Hayti. The more intelligent auditors of the PRESIDENT's speech may perhaps have thought that the immediate question was not so much how the negroes are to behave as how they are to be treated by the whites. The Government is right in advising them to work, but it has not enabled them to vote, nor even secured them the right of giving evidence in court. The digestive powers of the American Constitution are to be exercised on a substance which can scarcely be assimilated, inasmuch as it is to remain extraneous to the system. If the liberated slaves were of the same colour with their former masters, political distinctions would gradually be effaced; but, as they are unfortunately marked by nature, they will remain a separate caste, and the Northern Republicans have some reason for fearing that they may not improbably still undergo a qualified servitude. The Abolitionists commit an error when they propose to confer political rights on the mass of the negro population. American freedom must be worth little if it can be exercised or administered by the aid of uncivilized constituencies, yet popular custom and tradition make it difficult to institute a limited and constitutional franchise. Universal suffrage of white citizens, together with a property qualification of coloured voters, presents a combination not impossible in itself, and, as far as foreigners can judge, comparatively expedient; yet it is not surprising that the Southern States unanimously repudiate an admixture which they consider anomalous and degrading.

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has refused to make the allowance of negro suffrage a condition of restoration to the Union. To the argument that the distribution of the franchise belongs constitutionally to the States they answer, with considerable force, that the whole system of reconstruction is founded on the assumption of a right of conquest. The condition of negro suffrage would have been neither more nor less legal than the imposition of a test oath, or even than the abolition of slavery. If Mr. CHASE had been in Mr. JOHNSON's place, he would probably have insisted on the concession, and the Southern people would only have had to choose between submission and prolonged sequestration of their rights. It is probable that the PRESIDENT has exercised a sound judgment; for a demand that negroes should vote on equal terms with the higher race would have been criminally absurd. On the other hand, the Federal Government could scarcely have interfered with the details of a conditional franchise; but the best excuse for Mr. JOHNSON's decision is the vote of the Connecticut Convention, continuing the exclusion of coloured persons from the suffrage in one of the model States of New England. As it was not pretended that two thousand additional votes could practically influence the Legislature of Connecticut, the objection is one of feeling, of principle, or of prejudice. The Abolitionists are still more vexatiously embarrassed by a similar vote in the territory of Nevada, which is about to apply in the next session of Congress for admission as a State. It might be comparatively easy to refuse the restoration of the South except on conditions which might be deemed expedient; but the inchoate right of a loyal Territory to full organization as a State can scarcely be made dependent on a new and arbitrary test. Yet, if Nevada is admitted with a Constitution which prohibits negro suffrage, there will be an apparent anomaly in imposing as a penalty on Louisiana or Mississippi an institution which, according to the Abolitionist theory, is intrinsically desirable.

The more sagacious Republican leaders propose to determine their support of the Government or their opposition, not by the doubtful issue of negro suffrage, but by the character of the Congressional elections of the South. Although the PRESIDENT's reconstructive power is, in almost all other respects, absolute, either House of Congress has the right, under the Constitution, to decide questions of admission of members into its own body. Although it is certain that the power was never intended to include the imposition of political tests, the decision, being without appeal, will be final and practically supreme; and probably the Republican majority, both in the Senate and the House, will maintain an unconstitutional Act which was passed in the last Session. According to the law as it stands, no Representative or Senator can take his seat unless he can disclaim on oath all actual and virtual participation in the rebellion. Few Southern members will be able or willing to comply with the test; and, if it is imposed, the reconstructed States will be unrepresented in Congress, although their internal administration and independence have been re-established by the liberal policy of the PRESIDENT. Though the Legislature has far less power under present circumstances than the Executive, the process of reunion may be paralysed by the action of Congress; and it is evident that a rupture between the PRESIDENT and the Republicans must necessarily follow. The crisis will be eagerly anticipated by the Democratic party, although the rejection of the Southern members will leave their opponents the entire control of the Senate and the House. A year ago Mr. LINCOLN beat his competitor by two to one, because the Republicans were at that time the more unquestionable supporters of the Union. The Democrats will occupy the same advantageous position when they protest against an attempt to continue provisional separation. If the PRESIDENT had followed up his original purpose of punishing defeated enemies as constructive traitors, the advocates of complete and early reconciliation would have been temporarily helpless; but at present Congress can do but little to interrupt the course of pacification. It is perhaps not too much to say that the Southern States can dispense with representation better than Congress can spare their co-operation. From the PRESIDENT they have obtained the internal freedom which they principally desire, nor would the unanimous vote of both branches of Congress have effect in compelling the PRESIDENT to maintain a single regiment beyond the Potomac and the Ohio. Three years hence there will be an opportunity of determining whether tests imposed in defiance of the Constitution by Act of Congress affect the qualifications of Presidential electors. Before that time, however, it is probable that existing difficulties will be removed, and that the entire Union will have returned to its normal state. At all events it may be inferred, from the remarkable conversation which

is reported to have taken place between Mr. JOHNSON and a South Carolina deputation, that neither the PRESIDENT nor the late insurgents will place any unnecessary obstacles in the way of a full reconciliation.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF AUSTRIA.

IF Austria is destined to fall from her position as a great European Power, at any rate she dies hard. In the last few years her statesmen have been fertile of desperate expedients. At Vienna there has been no lack of energy or ingenuity, and FRANCIS JOSEPH and his Ministers will be able with truth to say—

Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

On every quarter of the political compass they have found themselves face to face with some invincible difficulty. The present attempt at the pacification of Hungary by fresh hands seems almost as if it were the lion's last effort to break from the net which the hunters have spread for him. On the side of Germany, Hungary, and Italy, nearly everything will then have been tried, except, indeed, the final sacrifice of submitting to an inevitable future, and resigning for ever the traditional nostrums of the past. During the last twenty years of European movement Austria has been by turns a paralysed spectator and a reluctant victim. She has never yet recovered from the events of 1848, and whenever Europe stirs she is compelled to hold her breath, for fear of a more overwhelming crisis. That on the side of the East she has condemned herself to patient inaction was proved to demonstration by the course of the Crimean war. When FRANCIS JOSEPH is crowned at Presburg, he will take the consecration oath according to tradition, upon horseback, in full armour, and his sword stretched in the air towards Constantinople. But the historic ceremony, in the eyes of Europe, will be an empty vanity, for Austria has disentangled herself from the web of Oriental interests, and is satisfied to leave Constantinople in the charge of more powerful patrons. And in the West her prestige and influence are equally impaired. Fortune in 1859 robbed her of Milan and the Lombard plain, destroyed her hegemony in Naples, Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, raised up a serious military foe upon her Southern frontier, and in terrible irony has left Venice hanging like a millstone round her neck. Meanwhile, in Germany, Prussia has supplanted her, and Hungary, as well as Venice, has been a thorn in her loins. Yet her attempts to grapple with this circle of perplexity have been courageous. If she finally fails, it will be because there are circumstances under which diplomacy and statesmanship themselves are powerless and vain.

The Italian war may be said to have sobered FRANCIS JOSEPH and the leading politicians of Austria. After more than forty years of peace, the French Empire seemed again to be at their gates, bringing disaster to the House of HAPSBURG in its train. This time all the brunt of the shock was borne by Austria alone. Prussia and Germany on the one hand, Russia and England on the other, stood aloof, and seemed careless as to the fate of the treaties and the dispositions of 1815. The first consequence of the peace of Zurich was an attempt by Austria to set her house in order, but Austria overrated the facility of Hungary when she supposed that the Constitution of the 20th of October, 1860, could succeed. Baffled in this futile hope, the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH fell back, as far as Hungary was concerned, upon the centralizing policy of M. SCHMERLING, and a second and less conciliatory Constitution in February replaced the short-lived Constitution of October. Austria cannot afford at one and the same moment to be at war with Hungary and Venice, and to be isolated in Germany. If twelve million Germans are to master and repress twenty-two million Slaves, Magyars, and Italians, and to be able to disregard the opinion of Liberal Europe and the menacing attitude of Imperial France, the twelve million Germans must have allies among their own kinsmen. The German policy of Austria is, therefore, a string she pulls when her Venetian and Hungarian strings are out of order. The corollary of M. SCHMERLING's Hungarian line of action was a vigorous line of action in Germany as well. It was not long before she was attracted to German politics by other imperative considerations. A strong movement in the direction of unity was pervading Germany at large, tending, in the first place, to the triumph of democratic ideas, and to the ultimate aggrandizement in particular of Prussia. It was the interest of Austria to seize the opportunity which Prussia at the moment, under a reactionary King, seemed half disposed to neglect. It was, above all, her interest, in company with the German Courts, to head an agitation which otherwise would have passed into the conduct

and control of the democratic German party. Could he but seize the hegemony of Germany, FRANCIS JOSEPH hoped to be able to dispense with the loyalty of Hungary, to mount over his Prussian rival's head, and perhaps to obtain a German guarantee of his Venetian frontier. The convocation of the Frankfort Congress in 1863 was a determined though an abortive *coup d'état*. At the first blush the scheme seemed feasible to diplomatists of the old school, and Lord CLARENDON, whose Austrian sympathies have long been understood, trotted off gaily to Frankfort to congratulate the Austrian EMPEROR on his spirited manœuvre. Fortunately for Germany, Hungary, and Venice, the brilliant anachronism broke down. An executive directory of Sovereigns, under the presidency of Austria, modified only by a feeble Federal Council and a show of representative institutions, would have retarded Liberal progress for years, and ended probably in civil war. Nor was France likely to look with equanimity on a project covertly directed against herself. FRANCIS JOSEPH was driven to abandon so much of his idea as involved a declared rivalry with Prussia, and a reconstruction of German Federalism on reactionary principles. Henceforward M. BISMARCK came to the front and took the lead, which Austria was compelled to resign into his hands. The Austrian Government abandoned their claim to supremacy in Germany, and were content to accept in lieu as much German influence as M. BISMARCK was willing to share with them, after reserving to himself the lion's share. The Danish war displayed them vainly, and with unequal steps, endeavouring to keep pace with Prussia in greediness and in ambition; and it left FRANCIS JOSEPH wondering, perhaps, whether he had really gained in Germany what he had lost in the good feeling of Europe. The nature of the secret clauses (if any there be) in the late treaty is a matter of mere guess, but Austria will have taken little by her recent German policy if she has obtained no assurance of sympathy and succour should she hereafter find herself threatened in the tenure of her non-German provinces.

M. BISMARCK is too much at the mercy of France to have been able to give satisfaction to Austria on this one point, which for years has been the political Will-of-the-Wisp that Austria has pursued through good report, through evil report, through the tortuous labyrinths of German politics, through the Polish insurrection, and even through the mire of a Danish invasion. In the North of Europe, as in the South, the French EMPEROR is master of the situation. He can impose terms upon Prussia, and check all symptoms of any *entente cordiale* between Vienna and Berlin that would interfere with his own projects. It is most improbable that Austria has got anything from Prussia but a windbag of empty professions. It is all but certain that NAPOLEON III. can, if he chooses, tear to pieces any more definite compact that has been made. Austria is too anxious not to be aware of this. The best comment on the success of her German policy is that she returns again to the Hungarian string. This time her sincerity is unquestionable, for Hungary's demands have never varied, and the Emperor of AUSTRIA has agreed to sacrifice his pride. His illusions about Germany are going, if not gone; and he comes back to swallow his leek, and to consent to be constitutional King of HUNGARY after all. The problem remains—what strength in Europe will he gain by his new humility? Will it give him a grander position in Germany, or make his voice heard in the Italian or Roman question? And first of all, to take the question of Germany. Austria, backed by Saxony and Bavaria, might, if Hungary were quiet, espouse the cause of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, and head an alliance of the smaller States against Prussia. Supposing that she were to venture on so bold a course, she might mortify Prussia, and snatch a temporary triumph. Yet it is to be remembered that Austria cannot care to mortify Prussia, for reasons of her own; and, in the second place, she knows that an alliance between herself and the smaller States would be an alliance between water and fire. In the fulness of time they will be drawn again towards Prussia, even if now they are estranged, and Austria would simply be playing the part of catpaw to the Diet; for, as far as Germany is concerned, it seems clear that Prussia must increase and Austria decrease. But there is a more conclusive obstacle yet in the way of such a scheme. To adopt it would be to give France the absolute mastery of the politics of Germany, and in all likelihood to throw Prussia into the French EMPEROR'S arms. If this were to happen, Austria might bid farewell to Venice. The answer, then, to the question whether a pacified Hungary will make Austria greater in Germany seems simple enough. France holds the key of the position. What will be the lot of Austria in German affairs depends very mainly on the will of NAPOLEON III.

Whatever question Austria puts to herself, she can but get the same uncomfortable reply. At first one might imagine that the friendship of Hungary would tighten the hold of her iron fingers upon Venice. A disaffected province the less is always the gain of one province, if it is nothing more. But Hungary, according to the new programme, must be independent. If that is not written in the bond, the bond is illusory. It will be then for Hungary to determine in a future Italian war the extent of assistance both in men and money that she will grant to her Emperor. Hungary may be loyal enough, and yet not think it her business to spend her blood and her industrial gains in defending the line of the Quadrilateral, and stifling the cries of the Venetians. But the strength of Hungary could in no case be considered as a serious element in the calculation of the chances of a future war. If Austria were twice as strong by the loyalty of the Hungarians as she was in 1859, Italy is twenty times as strong by the development of her resources, by the annexations of Naples and the Duchies, and by the growth of her army and her fleet. The truth is, that the position of Austria, look at it how one will, is precarious. HECTOR, says the Greek epigram, gave AJAX a sword—a fatal present, for on that sword AJAX died. The Congress of Vienna gave Venice to Austria, and it seems destined to be Austria's bane.

THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

OF all the districts on the face of the earth there is none of which we in England know so little as of the thriving provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. They are not inconsiderable in extent, and they abound in agricultural and mineral wealth. No finer ships are built in the world than those produced by these obscure colonies. No more tempting ground for the emigrant could be suggested than their prolific lands afford. In picturesque beauty the old Acadia surpasses anything else to be found on the American Continent, and may vie with the chosen resorts of tourists within the limits of Europe. Yet, with the exception of the few who have business connections with them, no one on this side of the Atlantic seems to know as much of them as he does of the country watered by the Nile or the Zambesi—and this in spite of the existence of a British feeling of a much less equivocal character than the loyalty which pervades many districts of the more familiar Canadas. The obscurity which has shrouded this region, crippled their trade, and repelled the stream of emigration, is easily accounted for. They are comparatively small, and, though not unprosperous, still by no means wealthy, countries. They are shut out—partly by nature, partly by political accidents, but chiefly by their own choice—from effectual intercourse with the outer world. Their available frontier on the land side either faces the territory of an encroaching and uncongenial neighbour or borders on a greater colony which it is the fashion in the Maritime Provinces to treat with affected contempt and suspicion. During the existence of the Reciprocity Treaty their trade with the United States has become important, but up to the present time their fellow-colonists of Canada are shut out from them by a barrier of Custom-houses as effectual as was ever interposed to check the intercourse between jealous and hostile Powers. Representing as they do the natural outlet of all British North America to the sea, the advantages have been destroyed by a petty jealousy which has kept them aloof from their best friends and their best customers. Such inland trade as they have is with the United States, and Maine alone perhaps absorbs more of their products in a week than all the Canadian and North-western territory does in a year. A Canadian newspaper is said to be a rarity in a province where the foreign, and certainly not superior, sheets of New York have established a regular circulation. Financial difficulties and unlucky chances may have contributed to this untoward state of things; but the strangest part of the whole story is, that these maritime colonies of Great Britain are enamoured of their isolation, and are at present unwilling to join in a scheme of Confederation which would make them a part—and, by virtue of their coast and their shipping, the most important part—of what promises to be one of the grandest countries that the colonizing instinct of Great Britain has ever produced.

It has been a puzzle to all, and to none more than to those who have studied the material interests of these isolated colonies, to explain the reluctance with which the scheme of Confederation was listened to among them. The very fact that they had no trade with Canada was propounded by their agitators as the best of all reasons why they should not throw down the barriers which alone prevented it from flooding their land with wealth. Why should they join with Canadians of whom they knew nothing in their commercial

transaction as of old, English Colonies a fashion, they should they owed Such seem habitants the project Reasoning have failed it lay just positions expected to is the telling there may that Canada political j Maritime j contrivance and the wild exagger Even this would pro of Confed shallower certain the incidence must be u influence of this lit splendid l debt and Provinces smaller co tion mean the should they will d ence than imaginatio and half case, as considerat federation scheme t interests of people do view even that they add a few head. Th countervai se re of d political e prompts i interests. sacrifice, should be the pence pounds th so obvious they will The re Brunswick Nearly all listed on espoused towns is elsewhere over to th tion is fun tuencies, and patri cause of C men and of an u seem to the peop be sure portion o long run their igno views of f be doubt would of which the

transactions, when they might retain their isolation, and deal, as of old, with Yankee customers? There is a tinge of genuine English Conservatism in the notion that because they had, after a fashion, prospered without communication with Canada, they should maintain for ever the barriers to which alone they owed it that they had not prospered ten times as much. Such seem to be the arguments by which many of the inhabitants of these little colonies have been tempted to oppose the project of Union which has come to them from Canada. Reasoning so shallow as this would probably by itself have failed to consolidate an effectual opposition, but behind it lay just that sort of intercolonial jealousy which the relative positions of the provinces of British North America might be expected to beget. Can any good thing come out of Canada? is the telling cry on the hustings of New Brunswick. Perhaps there may at times have been some warrant for the suspicion that Canadian statesmen have not always been incapable of political jobs; but the theory which seems to prevail in the Maritime Provinces, that the Confederation policy is a mere contrivance for the aggrandizement of Canadian politicians and the relief of the Canadian Treasury, is one of those wild exaggerations which local prejudice alone can create. Even this sweeping denunciation of suspected neighbours would probably have failed to defeat or delay the scheme of Confederation if there had not been some smaller and shallower considerations behind. If one thing is more certain than another, it is that the petty changes in the incidence of taxation which may result from the scheme must be utterly insignificant when compared with its enormous influence in opening out a thousand channels for the industry of this little corner of the world. And even apart from the splendid bribe of the promised railway, the adjustments of debt and revenue agreed to by the delegates of all the Provinces at Quebec are certainly not unfavourable to the smaller colonies. But the word has gone forth that Confederation means nothing but the shifting of Canadian burdens upon the shoulders of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and that they will do better to go on and stagnate in their old independence than to join a people composed, according to their imaginations, half of Frenchmen who hate the name of England, and half of Canadians who in heart are Yankee. In their case, as in that of the Canadians themselves, the first consideration is that of money, and no friend of Confederation could desire a more favourable test of the scheme than that which the substantial pecuniary interests of the colonies would afford. But the mass of the people do not seem as yet to have risen beyond the narrowest view even of their material interests. They see, or fancy that they see, a possibility that the projected Union might add a few cents to the annual percentage of taxation per head. They fail utterly to see that, even if this were so, the countervailing benefits of an open trade would give them a score of dollars for every cent they lost. In these days of political economy, we dare not complain of the selfishness that prompts men to act from a single view of their material interests. We cannot, and we need not, ask for any kind of sacrifice, but we have a right to expect that self-interest should be enlightened, and that those who count so carefully the pence they may lose should not altogether ignore the pounds they may gain; and the real interests of these colonies are so obvious to any spectator that it is impossible to doubt that they will sooner or later prevail over existing prejudices.

The recent accounts of the state of parties, both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, strongly confirm this expectation. Nearly all the intelligence of the Provinces seems to be enlisted on the side of Union. The leading politicians have espoused the project warmly; the trading community in the towns is in its favour; but the rural vote—which there, as elsewhere, perpetuates the weakest prejudices—is not yet won over to the side of progress. In New Brunswick the Opposition is further strengthened by the Irish section of the constituencies, though in Nova Scotia the influence of a popular and patriotic prelate has gained the Roman Catholics for the cause of Confederation. With the exception of a few party men and agitators who have made capital out of the jealousies of an untaught population, the ranks of the opposition seem to be mainly recruited from the inert masses of the people; and, if experience can be trusted, we may be sure that the policy approved by the intelligent portion of the community will certainly be adopted in the long run by those whose objections are mainly founded on their ignorance, and on their incapacity to rise above the pettiest views of the prospects which it offers. It does not appear to be doubted that the completion of the Intercolonial Railway would of itself more than compensate for any small sacrifices which the Union would entail; but, with more than the ordi-

nary measure of provincial suspicion, the objectors, both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, insist that this undertaking—to which Canada, and, in a degree, Great Britain also, is solemnly pledged—will be thrown overboard the instant that a few hundred thousand New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians have consented to take the chance of, it may be, an extra shilling per head of annual taxation. There is something almost ludicrous in the belief that a project so large as that which has been produced by the Conference of Quebec should have been formed with the single object of entrapping the small Maritime Provinces into a participation in the burdens of Canada. The relief to the larger Province would be so utterly insignificant (even if the supposed unfairness of the pecuniary arrangements were not wholly imaginary) as to exclude such a theory from the mind of any one who had considered the subject; yet it is probably this dread of a trifling increase of taxation which outweighs all the advantages of the project, and has for the time determined the Maritime Provinces to remain in the commercial isolation in which they have hitherto passed their existence. Perhaps, in wealthy England, we may be apt to condemn too heartily the unenterprising spirit which prompts men to reject the most promising scheme if it involves a possible increase of immediate expenditure; and countries which, though thriving, are as poor as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, may claim to be excused even for an excessive measure of prudence and timidity. Still the risk is so slight, and the loss in any case so minute, while the gain from free trade and free communication is so certain and so immense, that the present resistance cannot be expected permanently to maintain itself. It is said already to be giving way, and, whether this announcement may or may not be premature, the Confederation of the North American Provinces is far too advantageous to all of them not to win its way, though not perhaps this year or the next, to universal assent.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

IT is a question we may often ask ourselves, though with little certainty of arriving at the right answer, Have we presence of mind? We mean presence of mind of that practical sort which furnishes so many attractive headings in the spare spaces and lower corners of the newspaper column. Are our faculties likely to be quickened by a desperate emergency, or to be scared by it? Shall we be more or less than ourselves when the occasion arrives? Shall we know the precise thing to do when a blackened ruffian enters our bedroom at two o'clock in the morning? Shall we be able to extemporize a tourniquet on the spot when our clumsy friend shoots off his leg or his arm? Shall we be prepared, when a railway smash comes, to extricate passengers, remind the guard of his duty, and warn the coming train; or shall we rather be like him who wriggled himself out of the prostrate carriage, trampling on women and children, his fellow-travellers, to effect his own deliverance? Shall we be the suggester of the opportune ladder which rescues the despairing tenants of the three-pair back from the flames, ourself descending with a child under each arm and a baby between our teeth; or shall we lock the door on help and egress, and get smothered behind it along with all who trusted us? Shall we stand motionless and serene when a swarm of bees settles on our head and face? Could we seize the exact moment to rescue the sinking swimmer, and, acting out all the Humane Society's directions, when everybody else forgets them, restore the drowned wretch to life? Should we have thought of stopping a fatal leak with a leg of fresh pork, as was done the other day? In short, shall we be foremost when a man is wanted? and shall we do all these feats coolly and calmly, seeing our way at least risk to ourself, simply because we are self-possessed, and so can take in every point of the position?

In one's youth, when one is in the habit of building castles, a man can usually settle all these things very much to his satisfaction. Then it is a matter of course that he is one who, if "called to face some awful moment" big with great issues, "is happy as a lover," who,

If an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

Nothing is wanting but the opportunity; whether the need were to arrest the runaway horses of terrified beauty on the very brink of the precipice with the strength of our single arm, to catch up the exploding shell from under the commander-in-chief's horse-hoof, or to escape from a dungeon deeper than that of Chateau d'If by a course of consummate stratagem. But experience has shown most persons the one speciality of an emergency—that of ignoring precedent, and making things look the reverse of all our calculations; and we have learnt, too, that dreaming and reverie are not friends to prompt action, however apt they may be to raise pictures of it. There are few of us who have not known what it is to want an answer, to be dumb when repartee was called for, to be helpless in an ordinary social dilemma. A hundred times we have been in a fix. Shall we do ourselves more credit where life and death are concerned than under these petty ordeals? Thanks to the peaceful order of most lives, and to the freedom from extremities which blesses every-day existence, we may still

flatter ourselves that the great occasion, when it comes, will find us equal to it; for as yet we probably have not been tried. In the meanwhile, it is not amiss to consider what are the qualities and circumstances likely to produce this enviable state of mind and nerves. In the first place, the presence of mind that men admire most is so largely mingled with self-sacrifice that the two are sometimes confounded; while, in fact, self-sacrifice often does more harm than good unless guided by this heroic form of discretion. The poor muslin-clad girl who rushes to the rescue of her blazing sister often only compasses two deaths instead of one, for want of presence of mind. But, not to touch on horrors like these, this quality must in almost every case preside over self-devotion to make it of any real service. We find the scene lately enacted on Goat Island, Niagara, to the point here. Professor Ruggles (we could have wished the gentleman a more euphonious name for the sake of both actors in the story) had politely descended a steep bank to recover a lady's parasol, when he lost his footing and slid to the edge of a frightful precipice, where he caught hold of the roots of a tree. The temporary support trembled and loosened under his weight. It was a question of minutes, or moments. The ladies of the party shrieked for help, but none was at hand. At length one of them bethought her to tear her dress and shawl into shreds, her companions contributing their wraps to the same purpose. She then tied the lengths together, and while the ladies held firm hold of one end they tied a stone to the other and lowered it to the Professor, who, taking hold of it, walked slowly up the bank till he gained secure footing at the top. Then we are further told that the girl who had saved him by her happy thought fainted, and was carried home unconscious. Now what would the sacrifice of the most becoming dress in the world have served but for the presence of mind which led her to tie each knot firm and secure under the crying necessity for haste? A bishop new to his honours had the misfortune to upset the ink over a gorgeous table-cover in his entertainer's state bed-room. It was an impulse sadly wanting in presence of mind which led him to sacrifice the dozen cambric handkerchiefs with which his wife had furnished his portmanteau in a clumsy and fruitless endeavour to repair the mischief.

One essential for this quality, however acquired, we hold to be a sense of responsibility. We must not expect it from people who are habitually kept under and checked in the exercise of their free will. Whatever romances may say, which are apt to bring an oppressed heroine into prominence by some unexpected display of this virtue, anything like a habit of servile, submissive obedience is a disability for an emergency—for taking the command at a moment. If we are bent on the labourer's "knowing his place," and simply obeying orders all the year round, we must not be indignant if he stands staring helplessly in some moment when invention and resource are needed. The man who knows what to do at a pinch must have learnt beforehand to set some value upon his own opinion and his own way of doing things; he must be one who, when a thing has to be done, fancies he is the man to do it. And in no point do people differ more than in this. At a crisis of any sort it is the instinct of some persons to put themselves forward, or to feel that they ought to do so; and of others to wait, expecting their neighbours to act. It is no fault or cowardice; it is simply that they expect others to take the lead. And not only does one mind differ from another in this respect, but people differ from themselves according to circumstances. There is one mental attitude peculiarly opposed to the exercise of presence of mind—that is, when we have, for any purpose whatever, given our thoughts into another's keeping. Whether people listen to a great preacher or orator or actor, if heart and attention are thoroughly absorbed, they are usually incapable for the moment of any great collected effort. Thus all popular gatherings are subject to panic, whether in church or theatre. On the other hand, any feeling of charge or trust tells in favour of presence of mind. The performer will for the most part be more equal to the occasion than the spectator, the speaker than the audience, the master than the scholars. People who are accustomed to accept unpleasant duties—to think that, if there is a disagreeable thing to be done, they must do it under any circumstances—take kindly, and with the preparation of habit, to disagreeable effort on a large and perilous scale; and the mere sense of duty—of having undertaken to go through anything for others, though it be something the most alien possible from the idea of danger—is a discipline that leads to high results. The consciousness in a man that others are depending on him for anything whatever, are looking to him for something he has engaged to give or to do, is often an ennobling stimulus. Last winter a fire broke out at one of the theatres at the close of the pantomime. Our readers may remember how the Clown and Harlequin saved the whole *corps de ballet* by their courage and presence of mind; not taking a step out of danger till they had seen the lightly clad crowd huddled together safe, and shivering, in the sleet and snow of the street, when they joined them in full costume of paint and frippery, not a cloak or coat among them to hide the incongruous show from the concourse outside. Without detracting from their merit, we think it exceedingly likely that, had these heroes been sitting in plain clothes as spectators, neither courage, nor devotion to the helpless, nor presence of mind would have reached so high a mark.

Not only the sense of responsibility, but the mere feeling of being trusted, is a promoter of this virtue. Two persons of equal powers, and both in a position to judge and criticize, hamper one another at a critical moment; neither trusts himself to the same

extent, because neither is as implicitly trusted by others, as though he stood alone in the gap. A doctor summoned on some alarming conjuncture strikes the panic-stricken lookers-on as an angel of knowledge and resource, and is often even surprised at his own collectedness. If all the assembly were doctors too, he might very likely vacillate where decision was imperative. And herein lies a hope for the more modest self-questioner, that he too might not be found wanting on occasion. There is an inspiration in the demand of the moment. If the occasion points to us, if others look to us, we may after all not only surprise our friends, but even ourselves, by an unfamiliar promptitude and vigour. As a rule, sedentary persons, and those occupied in abstract things, are ill-trained for these brilliant displays of control over the present. Just as the charmed spectator or entranced listener is at a disadvantage when the sudden call to action comes, so is the man absorbed in philosophical or scientific speculation, or who devotes his whole time to literature of any class. He has to go through a process of recollection, to alter the focus of his vision, with all the bewilderment inseparable from these processes, before he can enter into a new situation which another has apprehended on the instant. De Quincy, who was the victim through life of *thought*, was on this account incapable of prompt action. Even intellectual presence of mind was so impossible to him that he could not believe in it, and he boldly declares that *every* story of a stinging repartee or collision of ideas, fancifully and brilliantly related, is a lie. As for what is understood by presence of mind, he admitteth himself to be miserably and shamefully deficient in the quality; the palsy of doubt and distraction hung like a guilty weight upon his energies. But thought enabled him to embrace every circumstance of the coming catastrophe which he could not stir a finger to avert. In some twenty pages of fine characteristic narrative, he describes a drive on the box of a mail-coach, and tells how the coach all but ran over a pony-carriage containing a pair of lovers. Sitting by the side of the sleeping coachman, his quick ear detected, four miles off, the sound of approaching wheels. He knew that the coach was on the wrong side of the road, and that a catastrophe at the next turning was imminent. He calculated to a nicety when this was likely to happen; he realized that all depended upon himself; but nobody is so helpless as the man who theorizes upon action at the wrong time. On sight of the lovers—when time revealed their tiny equipage and their utter unconsciousness, wrapt up in each other, of the impending death—he calculated that one minute and a half only intervened between them and a horrible fate; but he did nothing. "Oh, heavens!" he cries, "what is it that I shall do?" He had renounced all thought of bodily action; there was a reason against every suggestion that occurred to him; but happily it flashed across his mind that on one supreme occasion Achilles shouted. The notion was received favourably. True, he could not hope to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas; but neither was such a shout needed, as it was not necessary to rouse all Asia militant, but only a young man and woman in a gig, and they only too near at hand. At last, then, having weighed all pros and cons, he shouted; the young man heard not. Again he shouted, and the young man raised his head. Thus, having done his part, the narrator gave himself up to undisturbed speculation on the character of the lover, and how the occasion would tell upon him. "If," thought he, "this stranger is a brave man, he will do so and so, and die as a brave man should; if he makes no effort, shrinking from his duty, he will not less certainly perish; and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world?" But craven he was not. Seventy seconds remained after he saw danger. These are nicely divided into periods. For seven seconds he took in the situation, for five he mused on some great purpose, for five more he lifted up his eyes in prayer; then he rose, and by a powerful strain on the horse, slewed it round, brought the carriage at right angles with the coach—still in as great peril as ever, but fifteen seconds yet remained. "Hurry, hurry! then, for the flying minutes they hurry!" One more violent effort, and, with a hurricane rush and loud collision, the coach passed on. And now our analytical friend at length found his legs, rose in horror to see the mischief done, and retained an image for life of the little carry carriage all trembling and shivering from the shock; the young man sitting firm as a rock in the steadiness of agitation, frozen into rest by horror; and the lady!—and here follows a very powerful description of what he calls the vision of sudden death seen in all its terrors in the instant of escaping from it. The whole story is significant, at once sketching the temper to which presence of mind is natural, and portraying with still greater power the condition of thought and intellect in which it is simply impossible.

OCCASIONAL CYNICISM.

THERE can be nothing much more interesting to the student of human character than to watch the different shapes that are constantly being assumed, at different times, by the old feeling of the worthlessness of all our aims and objects of endeavour. This is one of the very few convictions which, in some form and at one time or another, come home to all the world. Nobody is so buoyant or so dull, so sunk in self-indulgence or so elevated by self-denial, as to be entirely unsusceptible of the chilling persuasion that all the works that are done under the sun are vanity and vexation of spirit. The degrees of susceptibility range between very widely distant points—from the hide-bound Pharisee, who is barely open to these uncomfortable impressions at all, up to the

professed that "the is a sheer the grand point of a object to a solid reality even shade others. I mentary sort grafts accident believe, o thorough course of belief be happiness so wonder filled with virtue, and impalpably constantly what seem deeply cyn recognised virtue is drink and lack ligious or things com and to the pression of. It is fortune as t virtue, and more than that they that nobo virtuous which no for ever w which me will never his mind. and satisfi and self-incurably fatal notio long run, There theory m sionally e prehends conduct c out any p them som and in most of t upon occ who beli that there and posse the wisen from time enervated been said for which to make time he prospect Nobody c nition, n feelings o conduct faith in doubting damp his felt in th in their there is n chambers tency, an and of an get more sorry sort not make very unce ultimatel has been suspicion vanity i real torn disposed nearer th serves to fill us wi the one

professed cynic, who has reached the truly delightful conclusion that "the whole thing," by which he means life and all its interests, is a sheer mistake and piece of confusion. As it presents itself to the grander and loftier type of mind, this difficulty is the starting-point of all systems of religion and philosophy, of which it is the object to show either that aims exist before men's eyes that are solid realities worth pursuing, and not mere shadows, or else that even shadows are better worth pursuing in some one way than in all others. But not less important nor less interesting are the fragmentary notions which a person of even the most commonplace sort grafts for his own special use upon the trunk system which accident or habit has made his nominal creed. Men mostly believe, or think they believe, that there is such a thing as thorough happiness and satisfaction consequent upon a certain course of conduct. Still they are apt, in their inner minds, to let this belief be diluted and weakened by crude doubts whether, after all, happiness is really possible; whether what we call happiness is so wonderfully satisfactory even when to all seeming we are filled with it; whether a good deal of what is held up to us as virtue, and the reward of virtue, is not rather too shadowy and impalpable. These underlying bits of inconsistent half-belief are constantly found to tinge a man's conduct far more strongly than what seems to be the chief stratum of beliefs and motives. A deeply cynical conviction or suspicion, which is often but dimly recognised by him who is most habitually acted upon by it, that virtue is only a name, and not a reality, for creatures who eat and drink and to-morrow die, is the root of three-fourths of the selfishness and lack of principle which so astounds us among nominally religious or thinking people. The Preacher's ejaculation that all things come alike to all, that there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked, to the clean and to the unclean, is the expression of a great deal of secret and unavowed popular philosophy. It is fortunate for the interests of society that so paralysing a doctrine as this of the utter delusiveness of human happiness and of virtue, and of the connection between the two, is unable to infect more than a minority. It is impossible to prove to the minority that they are wrong. If they choose to think, or rather to feel, that nobody is ever happy, or that a hog is as happy as the most virtuous and intelligent of men, they take up a position from which no amount of argument can expel them. You may argue for ever with a West-Indian negro upon the increased happiness which men derive from labour and thrift, and the rest, but you will never get even the thin end of the wedge of conviction into his mind. And, in just the same way, all talk about the comfort and satisfaction that follow on vigorous and sustained exertion, and self-sacrifice, and abundant interests and likings, falls on incurably deaf ears when a man has once thoroughly imbibed the fatal notion that everything comes to pretty much the same in the long run, whatever you do.

There is no aspect of this many-sided but always benumbing theory more worth considering than the influence which it occasionally exerts on the most valuable sort of men. The theory comprehends the whole philosophy of the cynic. It underlies the conduct of a great many people who either get on very well without any philosophy at all, or else whose declared philosophy teaches them something very different indeed. Its power serves to explain, and in their own eyes to vindicate, some of the folly and most of the wickedness which so many cultivated persons are upon occasion ready to exhibit. But, besides all these, men who believe most firmly, and act most sedulously on the belief, that there are a great many things in the world worth pursuing and possessing, and that the more of such things any one seeks the wiser he is—even men who think and act on all this find from time to time their purpose overshadowed, and their strength enervated, by dismal questionings of What is the use? It has been said that the most successful man, who has got every prize for which he has striven, and has honestly, and not fruitlessly, tried to make the best of himself and his opportunities, still, by the time he has reached middle age, would not much repine at the prospect of being found quietly dead in his bed some morning. Nobody of solid character—that is, according to Novalis's definition, nobody of "completely fashioned will"—would permit feelings of this kind to lead him gloomily away from the course of conduct which he had deliberately marked out, or to deaden his faith in principles which he had no other reason than this for doubting. But, for all that, such feelings may go some way to damp his energies, and cloud the pleasure which he should have felt in their exercise. There are young men now-a-days who start in their career with the idea firmly implanted in their minds that there is not much to be got out of life; that a man who lives in chambers, belongs to a Pall Mall Club, has a modest competency, and steers clear of domestic ties, and of too many interests, and of anything like enthusiasm on any subject, does on the whole get more happiness than the rest, but that even this, after all, is a sorry sort of stuff. Systematic selfishness of this description may not make the amiable and enlightened being whose gospel it is very uncomfortable, though even in his case the appalling notion ultimately creeps on that the whole thing, with himself at least, has been a mistake. But to men of another stamp the mere suspicion that all the work that is wrought under the sun is only vanity is, so long as the shadow hangs over them, a source of real torment. As each effort is crowned with success, they are disposed to put to themselves the cynical problem, how much nearer they are to contentment. Each fresh summit gained only serves to bring new summits within view, and at the same time to fill us with doubt whether they are any better worth scaling than the one we have just conquered. Even the plainest evidence that

others have been benefited by our endeavours, pleasurable and consolatory as it may be up to a certain point, fails to counteract the pressure of vague and troublesome despondency. The most benevolent of men may be well pleased with the success of his projects, and yet, paradoxical as it seems, may not feel much more of that profound mental ease which moralists too liberally promise as the reward of well-doing. The dejection of those who are habitually active in doing the best they can for others and for themselves is very different from the arid and complacent contempt of those who, because the world is full of miseries and disappointments and folly, look with scorn on any attempt to discover principles that may lessen the doleful stock. But the best men and the worst alike are open to the feeling that, when you have done all you can, there is still little to be got but vanity and vexation of spirit. Only with the one it is a passing mood, with the other a rooted habit that springs from some horribly bad logic and superficial observation in the first place, and then has thriven on the indolent selfishness which the bad logic engendered.

The objects for which men labour and make sacrifices, and which in their healthy moods seem amply worth labouring and making sacrifices for, are obviously as many as the types of human character. A great many people expect that happiness is to be found in making and accumulating money. Balances and investments, stocks and dividends, are the unvarying material out of which they rear their castles in the air, and this kind of aspiration may be observed as much among persons in a moderate way of life as among men in the full tide of big commercial transactions. The one class stake as much on their hundreds as the other on their thousands and tens of thousands. Of course everybody desires money more or less, in whatever direction his tastes may run. But men of this stamp want it for itself, for the sense of power and security which it confers, and for the gratification it brings to their self-esteem. They may feel all this, and still not be avaricious or purse-proud in the vulgar sense. Another set of people have no taste whatever for fine investments and high rates of interest. A modest income which should give them a pleasant house, and a horse, and a library, and a good garden, and permit them to be hospitable, and to take an occasional trip, as well as to commit an extravagance now and then by the purchase of a picture or an expensive book—an income of this kind is the be-all and end-all of their private dreams. Others, again, fancy that to present a numerous and well-bred family to the State is one of the most useful and creditable things a man can do. The rearing, the education, the prospects of their children, overtop all other interests to them as pre-eminently as does the eagerness to be rich or to be comfortable and to have an opportunity of gratifying all his tastes, in a man of different temper. Then there is the large class, perhaps the most valuable of all, to whom success and happiness do not mean money or comfort, or the power of maintaining a wife and ever so many sons and daughters, but a great reputation in science or politics or art. To have extended his subject by new discoveries, to have written a book or painted a picture of which all men and women should talk, to have gained a wide hearing for a favourite principle, is to him a much more desirable aim achieved than anything else that he can think of. All these are among the objects which the most active and best-educated people in the community propose to themselves, and the energetic pursuit of each of them is an ingredient in the general welfare. Though themselves the main ends of a man's exertion, they do not preclude him from taking a reasonable interest in all the other ends which concern his neighbours. If his mind works healthily, and he has anything like a sound theory of life, devotion to his chief pursuit does not incapacitate him from seeing how many other pursuits there are which it is well for men to make their chief aims.

Anybody who has thus with judgment fashioned out some predominant purpose, and at the same time kept all other sympathies and interests moderately accessible from without, has done as much as we mortals ever can to secure happiness of the best kind. Ill health and the loss or misconduct of friends, as has been rightly observed, are two fatal enemies to mental tranquillity, which no possible precautions can always enable us to resist. So long, however, as these two noxious elements are absent, a wise man, who does not expect more from life than the conditions of life can ever suffer it to give, will find within his reach a never-failing stock of adequate pleasures, which make his life very well worth living for. One reason why even wise men are occasionally attacked by a fit of cynicism is that they have been infected by some sort of philosophy, or by some of the traditions of the race which point to a golden age, past or future, when mortals on earth might enjoy the mysteriously blissful existence of the immortals in Olympus. It is probably the last lesson which we teach ourselves, and it is one which the mass perhaps never learn at all, that men can never grasp those ideals of happiness which poets and airy philosophers have amused themselves and beguiled others by constructing. People find this world all vanity and vexation of spirit because they have somehow got a notion of a world where everything is to go on by rules of supreme virtue and disinterestedness, where failure and disappointment are unknown—where, in fact, everything is thoroughly unlike the conditions amid which our existence is so unfortunately bound. As an acute Frenchman has said, "Les idées d'un autre monde font à celui-ci plus de tort qu'on ne pense," and this is one of the ways in which such wrong is done.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND MORALITY.

THERE is perhaps no part of England where the common people show a finer type of character than among the hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland. They have many of the rough virtues which seem to be frequently found amongst mountaineers. The North-countryman generally is made of sterner and stronger materials than the inhabitant of the Southern counties. We need not ask whether the difference is due to those differences in the original stock upon which antiquaries delight to dwell; or, as some philosophers might urge, to the indefinable influence of the natural features of the country. It is certain, at all events, that a peculiarly fine variety of our national breed is to be found towards the North, and nowhere more so than in the dales of the English Lake district. They talk, it is true, a dialect which requires an interpreter for a cockney, and which would not improbably have made Quintilian stare and gasp. Old-fashioned ways still linger among them. The race of "statesmen" is not yet extinct; and amongst them are many men who recall the inimitable Dandie Dinmont of *Charlie's Hope*. The borderers in whom Scott's soul delighted have left some worthy descendants behind them; and their portrait might be completed by the help of a few touches from Miss Brontë's photographs of crabbed but energetic humanity. In short, no one can help recognising amongst the mountaineers of our miniature Alps many of the qualities of which Englishmen are most apt to boast. The agricultural labourer of the South is sometimes a rather humiliating spectacle; he takes off his hat with superabundant humility, and recognises with superfluous promptitude the social claims of which a black coat is the outward and visible sign. He has the appearance of passive raw material, upon which the parson and the squire have to exercise their civilizing influence. The independent bearing of the Cumberland peasant is often in pleasant contrast to a respectfulness which borders too closely upon servility. Of the many varieties which have fortunately not yet been blended in our little island into one homogeneous mass, he is certainly amongst the most vigorous. But a man's vices are too often prominent in proportion to the strength of his character, and it seems that the evil propensities of the Cumberland and Westmoreland people are so marked that a prize essay is going to be written upon them. It is an attention which is not ill-calculated to arouse certain provincial susceptibilities. We are not surprised that Cumberland men should remonstrate against such a pleasant proposal for a public competition. It is irritating enough to be preached at, though you feel that it is generally the preacher's duty, and that, if he were warned off such an extensive part of the field of oratory, sermons might become even scantier of material than they are at present. But to be made into food for prize essayists—the authors, that is, of the dreariest kind of composition, with the possible exception of prize poems, known to humanity—is certainly hard. The next step will be to order a satire from the Poet Close, who has been lately making himself conspicuous at Penrith; the Laureate of the King of Bonny would doubtless be ready to act as the Juvenal of the district. Unluckily it cannot well be denied that there is some ground for complaint, though the particular form of embodying it may be objectionable. That the people are given to drinking, even their friends do not venture to deny; perhaps the best apology would be that, in a district where sunshine is a rare parenthesis between incessant mists, a drop of spirits becomes almost a necessity. Intoxication cannot be condemned with the same severity where the annual rainfall is forty inches as where it is only twenty. The barometer must be taken into account before we can fairly compare the morality of different districts. The merit of sobriety depends to some extent upon the dew-point. Such an excuse, however, may extenuate the guilt, but it does not disprove the fact of the prevalence of drunkenness. Scotchmen may possibly be their superiors, but it would be difficult to find elsewhere a fair match for Cumberland men in the consumption of spirits. There is another and still more serious accusation against them. The inexorable returns of the Registrar-General prove Cumberland and Westmoreland to be ahead of any other English counties in the number of illegitimate children. Eleven per cent. of the whole number of births are said to be illegitimate—a proportion which is considerably exceeded in some other parts of Europe, but nowhere within these islands.

That this statement implies the existence of a great evil is, of course, incontestable. But, like all statistical statements, it may be applied so as to produce very unfair comparisons. Thus, it would be wrong to assume that the immorality of any country varies directly as the percentage of illegitimate births. It is frequently asserted upon such grounds that certain German kingdoms, especially Bavaria, are pre-eminently immoral. But it is necessary to remember that these countries have an exceptionally rigid marriage law. If the average standard of virtue in two countries is about the same—if, that is, vice is punished in both by the same degree of moral disapproval—and if in one of them no one is allowed to marry who cannot prove that he has the income to support a family, as is the case in Bavaria, it is evident that more people will there be led to dispense with the ceremony. The law, whatever its other merits, is a direct incentive to immorality. Where there is a higher tariff, there will be a greater amount of smuggling. Every impediment of any kind to marriage must evidently act to some extent in the same way. The reverse case is well known. The Irish people have a reputation for more than average chastity. It is perhaps fair to attribute this in some degree to the discipline maintained by the priesthood, as

Dr. Newman lately took occasion to boast. But it is also owing to the "conspicuous absence" of all prudential restraint. Before the unprecedented drain from emigration set in, every Irishman married as soon as he chose, without any regard to his means of support. He was encouraged to do so by priests whose incomes partly depended upon marriage-fees. The evils produced by the consequent increase of population were enormous; against them might be set the benefit to morality resulting from the practice of early marriages. And in estimating the moral character of a people it is only fair to take such circumstances into account. Any restraint upon marriage, whether legal or prudential, will to a certain extent be attended by an apparent increase of vice. It is not very long since the papers were full of correspondence on the national corruption which followed from the prevailing incapacity to support a family on three hundred a year. The same principle is applicable to the poorer classes, with the difference that with them an unwillingness to lower their standard of living is not a matter of questionable policy, but of absolute duty. By far the greatest evil against which they have to contend is the evil of excessive poverty, and any tendency to learn the elementary lessons of prudence is cause for congratulation. We should, therefore, consider that when improved morality can only be obtained at the expense of prudence, the bargain becomes very questionable. It seems probable that the immorality attributed to the Scotch and to our Northern counties, so far as it exists, is partly owing to this cause. Their proverbial caution makes them sacrifice a certain amount of virtue to gain additional comfort. Theologians will probably condemn them more severely than political economists, who are apt to think, and not without some reason, that effectually to exterminate vice you must begin by getting rid of misery. It must be added that the test of the percentage of illegitimate births is obviously fallacious in another way. The fact that marriage generally follows, instead of preceding, the birth of a child is lamentable enough. It shows that the religious restraint has not the efficacy that should be desired. But, on the other hand, the social evil of great cities is scarcely known in the country districts of the North, and is said to be comparatively rare in the towns. It is thus quite possible that the lives of the people may be in practice as moral as those of their Southern neighbours, although they care less for obtaining a religious sanction to their unions.

Whatever may be the facts, every one must agree that it would be much better if the people were persuaded to be more chaste, and not to be so often drunk. The Evangelical Union, at the instigation of Mr. George Moore, have lately been taking the task in hand. Some of their praiseworthy efforts remind one rather unpleasantly of President Lincoln's saying as to the "bull against a comet." Directing a prize essay against vice is like bombarding Gibraltar with a popgun. It is, at best, a confession that those who offer the prize really know of no effectual plan for meeting the evil, and hope that by some miracle a new idea may be discovered in a prize essay. To do them justice, they make proposals which at least sound more practical. They suggest, for example, that the clergy of the district should preach more forcible sermons against vice. If the clergy have really been looking on with equanimity all these years at what has been going on under their own eyes, in their own parishes, and yet are capable of being put in motion by a word from the Evangelical Union, they must be curiously constituted indeed. But these remedies, which are little more than verbal, are always popular with some reformers. When a charity is being recommended, and one person in a thousand applied to subscribes, it is quite a commonplace to suggest that every one should give a guinea. It would settle the matter at once. But, in other words, this is merely recommending that every one should be liberal, which is the very thing that people are proved not to be. It is like telling an army that they will certainly win a battle if none of them will run away. To secure this is just the difficulty. Now, to improve materially the influence of the clergy, something more is requisite than to advise them to preach more efficiently. If the livings were raised in value, and if St. Bees were remodelled, a better-educated and socially superior class of men might in time be attracted into the Church. But it is not easy to do either of these things, nor is it perfectly certain that, if done, sermons would prove an effectual moral preservative. Scotland is a land where a clergy have immense influence, and which exceeds even poor Cumberland in its characteristic sins. The truth is, that the prevalence of vice depends upon social causes which lie too deep to be easily affected by sermons. A strong religious excitement like that produced by Wesleyanism may sometimes lead to a sudden change; but, as a rule, we must be content to see the improvement which such influences work develop itself by very slow degrees. With these remedies may be classed another. It is suggested that the newspapers should not report cases of bastardy, and that they should be heard by the magistrates with closed doors. We are not sufficiently read in the provincial papers to know whether they have any particular art in making attractive accounts of these cases, or how deeply they may be studied by the Cumberland peasantry. In most villages we should have thought that the innocence of the people would scarcely be in danger of much contamination from the police reports; village scandal is not of so delicate an order that ears which have taken it in need be shocked by the columns of a quiet country newspaper, even if the newspaper reaches them. The reports of cases in the Divorce Court have sometimes shocked public decency; the apparent delight with which unnecessary details were given was in itself disgusting; and the

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papers penetrate, in the higher classes, to people who are conventionally supposed never to hear the very name of vice. It was very proper that the practice should be checked, though it may be doubted whether it produced any appreciable effect on public morality. There is something ludicrous about applying the same principle to a rural population, in the hope that it will really improve their virtue. Their mental delicacy is perhaps more likely to be improved by seeing the circumlocutions which every paper thinks it necessary to use than to be injured by a license exceeding that habitual amongst themselves. In any case, there is a remarkable disproportion between the evil and the proposed cure. It is like stopping a single drain in order to clean the Thames, or like reclaiming a man who habitually intoxicates himself with gin by impeding his supplies of light claret. If Cumberland newspapers are indecent, by all means let them be rebuked; but it is scarcely likely that the rebuke will improve them, or that improvement would result in any perceptible benefit to society.

It is disheartening to see such remedies as these proposed, because they seem to be such very forlorn hopes. One or two suggestions have been made which would probably be more efficient, but some of them are still more difficult to carry out. Much evil is very probably produced by the system of hiring at statute fairs; and it is well enough to agitate for putting them under better regulations. A more fundamental evil is the practice—not, by the way, confined to Cumberland, nor specially characteristic of it—of overcrowding the population. Unfortunately, it is rather hard to persuade landlords that it is their duty to spend money upon supplying what the people are not yet educated enough to demand. Any agitation which tends to increase the sense of responsibility of one party, or the desire for decency of the other, must undoubtedly do good. But in this, as in so many other cases, we are forcibly impressed by the difficulty of raising a population from above, unless they have a strong desire to rise; and any spasmodic effort for suddenly jerking a people from the slough in which they have been accustomed to lie generally ends in their rapidly sinking back, as their reformers become wearied of the effort. We must trust that, by gradually spreading education, the people will become sensible themselves of the disadvantages of filth, and then we shall have a sufficient purchase on which to rest our moral lever. But few reformers can bear to wait the necessary time for the development of any important vital process.

THE EARL OF ENNISKILLEN AND THE ORANGEMEN.

IN the middle of the anxiety and alarm caused by the Fenian conspiracy, it is a comfort and consolation to know that the Orangemen of Old Ireland have been upon the alert. The eye of the Earl of Enniskillen, Grand Master of that honourable Society, never sleeps. When the Gauls invaded Rome, the Capitol was saved by the cackle of the Roman geese, and the loud cackle of the Earl of Enniskillen and his Orangemen is saving Ireland and calling all true Protestants in the garrison to arms. The Earl of Enniskillen, wiser than his generation, always knew that the Fenians were coming. He went on the broad and safe principle that every Irishman who was not an Orange Brother would sooner or later turn out to be a rebel, and he feels very naturally that the Fenians have proved the accuracy of his observation. Nobody knows the awful lengths to which a belief in the infallibility of the Pope may lead its miserable votary. That is to say, nobody but the Earl of Enniskillen knows. He sees all the fatal consequences, and marks down the Papists' progress in his mind's eye. It may perhaps be said that the Fenians are not Papists, and do not believe in the infallibility of the Pope. Possibly. It is doubtful whether that makes much difference. If they do not believe in the Pope, very likely they believe in something still worse and more discreditable. One thing is certain—that they are the born enemies of the Orange body. Surreptitiously, muskets have been introduced into Ireland by fanatics who owe no allegiance to the Earl of Enniskillen, and a monstrous conspiracy, having for its object "the massacre of the Protestant and loyal inhabitants," has been brought to light. The Orangemen always said it would be so. From time immemorial they expected to be massacred, and now their patriotic suspicions have been justified. Guy Fawkes only proposed to blow up the English Parliament; while the Fenians, if they had their wicked way, would blow up the Lord Lieutenant, the Dublin Rotunda, the Irish Church, and the Irish Lodges. Fortunately, as the Earl goes on to remark, the Orange body is excellently organized, and has for many years been on the look-out. Many districts owe their protection and their feeling of security to the institution, the best apology for the existence of which is such a movement as the Fenian plot. John Mitchell, and Meagher of the Sword, would have caught the British Government napping; but it is not so easy to take in the Earl of Enniskillen, who has for years gone to bed with one eye open, and that eye sternly fixed upon Ribbonmen, Roman Catholics, and rebels. From this time forth, it is plain that no one can object to Orangemen; and it is to be hoped that England will not grudge them a little license in respect of breaking the head of an occasional Papist. Fenianism cannot be put down without the assertion of those glorious Protestant principles which date back to the times of King William and the siege of Londonderry, and which still once a year are the cause of so much employment to the glaziers of Belfast.

The advice of the Earl to his followers is practical enough.

Extend your organization, observe in all respects a rigorous compliance with the laws; and exercise the utmost vigilance in suspected districts, for "you have ample means of detection." Up to the present moment the Fenians have been on the trail of the Orangemen. On the eve of a second massacre of St. Bartholomew, the scene changes, the Earl of Enniskillen sounds his horn, and the Orangemen are seen gliding stealthily in single file on the trail of the Fenians. This is very cheerful and promising for the peace of Ireland. It is hardly necessary to take such trouble to keep up the police when Fenians and Orangemen perform for one another all the most invidious duties of policemen with the keenest satisfaction to themselves. This passion to take other people up is a healthy feature in the Orange institution, which has long been characteristic of it—a virtuous foible that must be excused in consideration of the aggravating habits of Irish rebels. Ordinary Englishmen would have been tempted to offer to Orange Lodges a precisely opposite piece of advice. One's first idea would be to beg them to leave the Fenians alone, and to trust Ireland's safety to the constabulary force. But the Grand Master has no notion of anything so tame. He insists, in spite of all remonstrance, upon helping the police. It is not every day—says the proverb—that Manus kills a bullock, and it is not every day that an Orangeman has the opportunity of catching a rebel. Obedient to the orders of their chief, the Orangemen are doubtless by this time sniffing about all over the country in quest of Centres and Head Centres. We are afraid that in the course of their hunt they will come upon a remarkable number of mares' nests, and get themselves into a good deal of hot water. Superfluous energy is one of the many awful virtues that adorn Irish Protestantism; and if the Orangemen of Ireland fail to improve this splendid opportunity for worrying their neighbours, they must indeed be degenerating into a quiet, phlegmatic, spiritless race. The Earl of Enniskillen seems to be of opinion that the present emergency will convince the world of the shining use of the Order of which he is the ornament and head. Many who have hitherto misunderstood and disregarded it will now be disposed to co-operate and unite. An association so faithful and vigilant, devoted to all that Christian men hold sacred and dear, and spread far and wide through the land, "can scarcely be contemplated with any feelings but those of thankfulness for its existence by the great mass of Protestants in the Empire." It is right to be thankful for small mercies, and all of us ought therefore to be thankful for the existence of the Earl of Enniskillen. But our thankfulness for this crowning favour would certainly be increased if his Lordship would choose some other moment for hounding on his Orange troops. If Ireland is really disaffected, the best service Orangemen can do her is to take down their flags, put their ribbons in their pockets, and retire quickly indoors. The police are perfectly capable of doing their own work. Their duties will be increased tenfold if the Orange Order persists, quite unnecessarily, in showing in force upon the stage.

Whether, in the long run, Fenians or Orangemen are likely to do Ireland the most harm would be a curious and perhaps an insoluble question. In respect of noise and braggadocio, both might be bracketed as equal. In respect of disloyalty, the Fenians, of course, have for the moment the advantage; but the reason of this is simple in the extreme. The Orangemen, as a rule, keep the law, and the Fenians break it—because the law suits the Orangemen, and does not suit the Fenians. We have a higher opinion of the spirit of both than to suppose that either would obey the law a single hour longer than they chose. The rival savage tribes are far too intent on mutual extermination to permit of their paying much attention to the minutiae of legal technicalities. There is a great deal to be said in favour of the superior claims of the Fenian brotherhood upon our sympathy. In the first place, they are down in the world, and are fit objects for gentle pity. No one goes to their balls, and very few listen to their speeches. On the other hand, the Orangemen may boast that on fitting occasions the Rotunda is all their own. The Grand Master of the Orangemen lives in splendour in the midst of his admiring countrymen, but the unhappy Head Centre is an exile from his native shore and is compelled to content himself with a "fixing" in the back streets of New York. Generous souls will incline towards the humble exile, and turn away from the fortunate and happy peer. It is, of course, pleasanter to be the Earl of Enniskillen, but it is almost a nobler thing to be a Head Centre and to maintain an undying hostility to Great Britain from the other side of the Atlantic. And the Head Centre, at all events, has a definite purpose in the world. His high ambition is to put an end to a bloated aristocracy. All the commonplaces of history speak in his favour, and spectators naturally feel a veneration for the uncompromising virtue of a patriot who proposes to put to death all the landed gentry of his country, in order to do away with the inconveniences of primogeniture and entail. The Grand Master gives us much fine talk, but we do not notice that he has any scheme for doing good to his fellow-creatures which can compare with this in modesty and consistency. His chief notion of his mission seems to be to keep holy the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, and to worry those of a different religion from himself. This is a tame policy compared with that of the Transatlantic exile. In one respect, however, they both stand on an equal footing. Each, according to his lights and opportunities, endeavours to keep Ireland in a chronic state of agitation and of fuss. Each honestly feels that he would fail in his duty if he were not, as far as in him lies, to fan every possible spark of party animosity into a flame. The one proclaims unrelenting war against the Saxon, the other preaches eternal

antagonism to the Catholic. The rival programmes seem curiously adapted for the welfare of a country which is in want of industry, capital, and secure repose. The Fenian, at any rate, has something with which he may fairly pretend to be dissatisfied. He does not belong to the dominant race. He objects to a system of centralization which gives to an English House of Commons the power of legislating for Ireland. He cannot feel anything but dislike of the Established Irish Church. But the Earl of Enniskillen and his friends have no such grievances, if grievances they are. The Orangemen of Ireland fill the first places, and the Protestant Church is fed upon the fatness of the land. Their only complaint is one which would disgrace even a Fenian—that toleration is extended to a religion which, after all, is the religion of the majority, and that they are not permitted with impunity to insult the feelings of their neighbours, or wantonly to provoke bloody breaches of the peace.

The Orange Lodges are too blind to deduce the proper lesson from the present Fenian agitation. Instead of bristling up into unnecessary activity at the bare mention of disaffection, they would play a more loyal part if they resolutely kept themselves for the present in the shade. The Fenian movement has at least proved that one part of the Orange programme is both unjustifiable and offensive. The Catholic clergy of Ireland are plainly disinclined to cast in their lot with extreme revolutionists; and, whatever the motives of their loyalty, deserve to have their conduct carried to their credit. Nothing has been more thoroughly established than that Fenianism has nothing in common with Catholicism. By sounding the Protestant trumpet, and calling out his Orangemen in force the Earl of Enniskillen is unjust and imprudent at once. Good sense might teach him to leave the Pope and the Catholics alone, on the one occasion on which the Pope and the Catholics have shown a becoming wish to strengthen the arm of the English Government. Good sense, however, is not a flower that grows in Orange lodges. If the quiet and loyalty of Ireland was any object to the Order, it would refrain from flaunting its flag in the face of a disturbed Catholic population and an inoffensive Catholic clergy. Fortunately for Ireland, Protestants on this side of the Irish Channel blush for the enormities thus committed in the name of Protestantism, and are far more likely to be led, by recent events, to consider whether, consistently with principle, anything can be done permanently to reconcile the Irish priesthood to English rule.

ARCHBISHOPS IN COUNCIL.

THE administration by the late Premier of his ecclesiastical patronage forms a remarkable, and on the whole a creditable, chapter in Lord Palmerston's official life. Bishoprics were the last fragments of personal appointments retained by the Crown. Throughout George the Third's reign, the Minister not only formally took the commands of the Sovereign on filling up a vacant see, but he seldom even recommended to the vacancy. Perhaps it has only during the present reign come to be understood that the Episcopate is filled up by the Queen's responsible adviser, just on the same principles as an Embassy or Colonial Government. Most Premiers have found this making of Bishops more plague than profit, but in Lord Palmerston's case the death of a Bishop must have come with a double amount of vexation. In the department of the Church and of things ecclesiastical Lord Palmerston was especially deficient; and there have probably been few academics and men of society so slenderly qualified with even the most elementary and surface knowledge of this sort. It is a pity that the world has had to wait so long for the announcement which has recently appeared in the *Record*, that the Premier's famous letter to the Glasgow Town Council, in which he preferred cleanliness to godliness and exhorted the Baillies to fall to house-cleaning instead of prayers, was the unauthorized production of "a flippant Under-Secretary." What was an ugly indiscretion in a Home Secretary was, not improperly, felt by the Prime Minister to be a serious defect in his official acquirements; and in the helplessness of his ignorance he must consult some advisers. It was, therefore, of the necessity of the case that Lord Palmerston must put himself into somebody's hands, being perfectly aware that he knew nothing either of men likely to make good bishops, or even of the right kind of raw material for a bishop—either of the general condition of the Church, or of what would be likely to meet its particular necessities. He did, therefore, what he would very properly have done in any other department of State. He consulted an expert. To take Lord Shaftesbury's opinion was, in Lord Palmerston's case, natural, and even right. In Lord Palmerston's case, we say, because as to the portfolio of "Religion and Public Worship" his mind was a blank. Lord Shaftesbury set himself up for the leading layman of England; it is the title by which his friends salute him, and he is not the man to decline either the reputation or its substantial consequences. Affinity to the Premier helped Lord Shaftesbury's supposed or assumed character as being the most likely man to understand the Church's interests. Hence the notorious succession of the first form of Palmerston Bishops—of prelates whose small knowledge of the original languages of the Bible was helped by their familiarity with the narrowest schools of the interpreters of its translation. Much, however, to Lord Palmerston's credit, he discovered his error. Lord Shaftesbury's maladroit recommendations were dispensed with, and the Premier set himself to discover by his own lights a more creditable class of recruits for the Bench. As in his other appointments, he acted, when left to his own good sense, with prudence and good faith, and our recent Bishops fairly enough represent the pre-

vailing tendencies of the Church of England. When it was obvious that for once the general voice of the Church, sometimes reasonable and sometimes the reverse, was against *Essays and Reviews*, the leading writers against *Essays and Reviews* received simultaneous and rapid promotion at the hands of the Minister. Having got his clue in the labyrinth of Church politics, Lord Palmerston was not the man to lose it; and if the successive elevation to high office of the same man betrayed poverty of invention in the matter of Bishops, it would be unfair to Lord Palmerston to say that he did not, when disentangled from the meshes of Puritanical intrigue, go to the right quarters for his Bishops. Divinity Professors, Heads of Houses, Bampton Lecturers, and Lincoln's Inn Preachers have established a traditional claim to public promotion, and it is not a matter of blame to a moderate proficient at whist that he plays again and again from a winning suit. If no voice is raised against a new Bishop, the presumption is that he will make an acceptable Archbishop; and it cannot be denied that the four living Primates do credit to the Palmerston Ministry, and go far towards excusing its earlier blunders.

The last week has witnessed the delivery of the Primary Charges of the Archbishops of York and Dublin. Dr. Thomson is a man of mark, and the pertinacity and success with which he has laid himself out for the highest offices, only to attain them in quick succession, would alone, even apart from his unquestionable powers, stamp him as no ordinary administrator. The great primatial see of York has long been looked to rather as exhibiting the dignity than the efficiency of the Church; and the successor of otiose Archbishop Musgrave has a rare opportunity for distinction, for Archbishop Longley's mild wisdom and excellent feeling had scarcely time or opportunity to retrieve the Church's lee-way in the North. If Archbishop Thomson confines himself to the practical work of which his primary charge shows the great necessity in his diocese, he will have enough to do even should he spare some moments of relaxation for the sensational novels of which he secretly deplores the influence. From one who, in early days, had the tact to see that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners needed a champion, it was to be expected that the successes of the Commission in providing for the poor benefices of the three Ridings would find an enthusiastic, if not partial, eulogist. Dr. Thomson, however, very properly feels that to provide the clergy with the means of life entails upon them the greater necessity of feeding the flock more abundantly and more zealously than has hitherto been the case with the Northern clergy; and his Charge is mostly occupied with plain and practical exhortations to personal duties. Here, as there can be nothing to criticize, there is something to be thankful for, that the young Archbishop takes a line so simple and moderate; and if, in the only two controverted subjects of the day on which he enters—the questions of the new Subscription to the Prayer Book and the constitution of the Court of Final Appeal—His Grace's sentiments seem to be tinged with little or no local colour at all, we shall hardly be disposed to consider this a fault in one of the highest authorities of the Church. As was to be expected, the Archbishop's sentiments are safe; and if the accuracy and precision of thought which a College tutor did so well in impressing upon his pupils have given place to the prudent generalization of one whose office calls upon him to make liberal allowance for the honest convictions of many men and the inveterate traditions of many schools, we shall not complain. What Dr. Thomson seems to say comes to this:—The old Declaration was open to many and just objections; perhaps the new one may not be found in practice to be quite free from difficulties. The Court of Final Appeal is undoubtedly susceptible of improvement; against all the plans hitherto suggested for its reconstruction, forcible arguments may be urged; but still it is not perfect, nor is it likely to be made perfect. No form of Subscription will close every gap; perhaps it is not desirable that the fence should be too close. No decisions of any Court of Appeal will satisfy all litigants. We must bear and forbear. After all, every man's best guide is his own well-informed conscience; and if this guide were infallible, then the need of any Subscriptions and all controversies would cease. To say this is not to say much; and till we can distinguish between conscience and every man's prejudices, the difficulty, such as it is, is only removed by re-stating it.

We cross the sea, and find ourselves in the turbid vortex of Irish difficulties. Archbishop Trench, like Archbishop Thomson, was one of the Bishop of Oxford's curates; but there is little resemblance between the two Primates. Ambition has no place in Dr. Trench's character. He finds a heavy work before him, and the prospect is scarcely encouraging. Elegant and refined in mind, manners, and pursuits, the Archbishop of Dublin, though a born Irishman, as he reminds his clergy, has little in common with the Irish character, and he goes to his work with none of the prejudices of birth or party. It might be thought that the studious man of letters, the poet whose piety and gentle life have endeared the name of Trench to all who value the beautiful and attractive side of religion, would be little suited, either by taste or experience, for the storms and cloud in which his episcopate must be passed. To exchange the lettered ease of Westminster and the charms of the best society in the world for the coarser associations of Dublin and the mutinous spirit of the Irish clergy, almost as ominous of evil to the Irish Establishment as the fierce hostility of a rival communion formidable in numbers and by no means chivalrous in its polemics,

would seem to be the choice of a man to whom duty presented exclusive claims. The Archbishop of Dublin's primary Charge admirably reflects his character. Peace has more substantial victories than the sword; and perhaps the life of such a bishop as Ken has done more for the Church of England than the conscientious but aggressive policy of Laud. It may be reserved for the persuasive eloquence of the mild character of Trench to do a work to which the remorseless logic and consistency of Whately was unequal. Dr. Trench deplores, rather than rejoices, at the failure of mixed education, and is driven to accept the conclusion that, as the denominational must be the practical, so it had better be the avowed, principle of Irish education. Education must be real; it can only be real when it is heartily engaged in; and men will only be zealous for what they believe. If Ireland were not intensely Protestant and intensely Papal, common elementary schools might succeed; but men will be more likely to make less of their dogmatic differences by accurately understanding them than by being told by a superior authority to sink them. Counsels such as these will not suit bigots, because bigotry can never appreciate the policy of leading men rather than driving them. The condemnation of mixed elementary instruction is not that it is godless, but that it does not succeed. It was well to try it, and it was tried in good faith; but a medicine which a patient will not take may as well be laid aside. With respect to the future of the Irish Church, the Archbishop of Dublin is not exactly desponding; but his language, as well as his experience, leads to a somewhat melancholy anticipation of the future. He does not say much, and he is probably too well acquainted with the excitable character of his audience to speak very plainly, but when he advises the Irish Establishment to take in its superfluous canvass, we cannot but surmise that jury-masters were the more legitimate conclusion of His Grace's figure. Possibly the abortive Fenian plot may give the Irish Establishment breathing-time; for the moment when socialism, and an indiscriminate proscription of all property and vested rights, are to any extent a popular cry, would be the last for any British statesman to select as the opportunity for destroying an institution which, with all its faults, represents order, and is without doubt a main constituent of such imperfect civilization as Ireland can exhibit. Anyhow, if the Irish Church is to ride out the storm which the Archbishop with such pathetic dignity forebodes, it can only be by imbibing a double portion of his spirit.

THE MURRAIN AND THE DOCTORS.

IT is easy to join a party and support a theory on the question of the cattle-plague, as on any similar question where alarm is created by the extent of a disaster, while prudence is baffled by the mystery of its origin and the difficulty of meeting it. Thus we find a well-defined dogma maintained, and a trenchant practice favoured, by professors of high repute. The dogma is that the disease is a foreign product imported from Russia, and incurable; and the practice is simple extermination, by a wholesale slaughter of the diseased and the suspected. "So long as living cattle," says one such eminent authority, "are within reach of anything infected or diseased, so long it must go on; and it is chiefly by wholesale extermination of stock that the last embers of the disorder will be consumed." In accordance with this dictum we read that, a fortnight since, out of a herd landed at Harwich, one was supposed to have the plague, that 108 were killed in consequence on the spot, but that the owner of ten obtained a respite for his beasts on condition of their observing quarantine. The condition was accepted, and the ten head were subsequently sold in a perfectly sound condition. This statement was made at a meeting of the Metropolitan Cattle Plague Committee by one of its members, and reported in the *Times* of October 14. We should like to have this case either substantiated for the condemnation of the authorities responsible, or disproved for their acquittal. Another member stated that, out of thirty cows condemned by the Government inspectors, he had cured twenty-four. A third reported a case of a portion of a herd sentenced to the knacker's, but, as the practitioner's hands were so full of cases already left for execution that he could not despatch them off-hand, the cow-keeper, as it were to while away the interval, thought he would try curing instead of killing, and "they are now grazing in a field hard by and yielding milk in abundance." These cases can hardly be all of them pure fictions; and if they were the simple result of a murderous panic, we should merely regret the loss on the one hand, and, on the other, congratulate ourselves on the escape of so much beef and milk. But they come before us as the "works" which are the "fruits of faith"; they are the results of a procedure taken on deliberate grounds; and, if the facts are fairly stated, they point to one of two results—either a reckless sacrifice of valuable animals, or their rescue by a contempt for public authority and established rules. The attempt is advisedly made by authority to deal with the disease as the Spanish Inquisition dealt with heresy. But while our Inquisitor-General is "consuming" the "last embers" of the evil, he is probably sacrificing the staff of life itself. We suppose that the inspectors, wherever appointed under the recent Order in Council, will follow the cue set them by the Hippocrates of havoc, and will keep a fixed eye upon the maxim *judeus damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*. Their function is simply to point out diseased or suspected cases. When the case is so indicated, execution, we suppose, will follow. The law will take its course. With regard to the herd to which a suspected animal may belong, we do not know

by what rules the inspector is to be guided, or what amount of authority will attach to his fiat. Assuming the Harwich case cited above to be correct, it is not clear whether the summary process was applied to the herd because it was foreign, or whether the same proportion of a hecatomb, and something over, of possibly sound cattle is to be slain for every tainted beast among English herds; nor is it clear why quarantine was in one case admitted, or whether it was offered and refused in the case of the 108 killed. But the probability certainly is that, when the leading authority has "damned with faint praise" the hopes of curative treatment, few inspectors will run the risk of showing mercy on their own responsibility. The professional chief oracle "exhibits" the knife, and "war to the knife" will accordingly be the probable *mot d'ordre* of the class.

We judge, from a report of the speech of Lord Clarendon at Watford, on October 10, that the Government has fully adopted the views of the London professoriate, and is committed to the policy of summary butchery. The Government, perhaps, could hardly do otherwise than advise with the recognised heads of the veterinary profession. But whether they should, in the face of the present complexion of facts and the gathering confluence of opinion the opposite way, persist in this scientific slaughter, is already doubtful. Further, since the beasts slain are sacrificed to the public safety, it seems unjust that the benefit of the public should be obtained by the dead loss, perhaps total ruin, of the individual. Lord Winchelsea, who seems to believe in the necessity of the "thorough" policy, wrote forcibly on this view in the *Times* of October 20. The inspector seems to have the power of sentencing to immediate execution the whole herd in which there may be one tainted beast. Neighbouring proprietors are thus protected against possible loss, not at their own expense, but exclusively at that of the owner of such a herd. This, we say, appears to be the course which matters are taking, but information as to the actual doings of these inspectors is very difficult to obtain. Why, we may ask, are not returns of their proceedings published weekly in a tabular form? Even those who assume wholesale slaughter to be necessary for the public safety must allow that, as regards the individual, it is grossly iniquitous. It resembles those savage instincts of the lower creatures according to which a sick bird is pecked to death, and a maimed wolf torn to pieces by the pack. We do not know how it may be in Germany, to which Lord Clarendon is represented as referring; but in France the Government, whilst taking public safety under its protection, takes the expense of the necessary sacrifices also upon itself. Lord Clarendon seems to advocate the protection of the community through the ruin of the few luckless individuals on whom the blow of Providence first falls.

The inadequate number of persons capable of applying scientific diagnosis, and consequently fitted for the office of inspector, is a deficiency of grave national importance at this moment. When we look, indeed, for some to take the lead in treatment based on profound research, and find that the chief answer to our inquiry is furnished by the Albert Veterinary College, we confess to more than disappointment. But the fact is one which it is impossible in a moment to help. Nor do we see the way to any great improvement, unless the present panic should leave behind it such practical fruits of wisdom as no present probabilities lead us to expect. Being a practical people, we scorn precautions till the evil appears, and are then resourceless. We blunder on from panic to panic as each crisis of danger arises, and relapse in each interval of security into our characteristic trances of apathy. We have our College in town, and some miserable empirics of cow-doctors and horse-leeches abroad in the country, with here and there no doubt a superior man among them; but on the whole they seem to be a sorry lot, and so it will continue until herd-masters make it worth while for men of some larger intellectual calibre to attend to horns and hoofs. It would be something gained, at any rate—leaving Devon and Hereford, for the present, to their local wisdom—if a permanent staff of adequate inspectors, with some pretensions to thorough medical training, could be provided for the Metropolitan Cattle-market. For seventeen years of the last century, it is said, the disease ravaged our herds. There seems to be hardly a thread of experience to be disentangled from the story of those ravages which might form a clue to our present difficulty. It will be our own fault if this new season of visitation passes over us equally unimproved. The farmers and graziers, if left to themselves, will peddle on in ignorance and apathy for another century. We see nothing for it but that the heads of rural society, the lord-lieutenants of counties and squires of parishes, should take the matter up. Till popular support can fairly float the project of a new school of animal medicine, and give it something of the scientific basis which it obtains in regard to the human subject, private patronage should launch and bear it up.

But, again, in one direction in which progress might surely be made, we hardly see the most elementary signs of it. It is essential to those who would form a practical judgment as to the risk which threatens their property, to know what is the actual course taken by the disease in its local outbreaks; whether it is making progress or falling off; whether, as it finds new spots for the *nidus* of its "incubation," it abandons the old ones, or holds to them with increased or diminished tenacity. Some simple central and district machinery could surely be devised for this purpose. It is too much to expect a farmer to take in and read all the papers of the agricultural districts of England, Wales, and Scotland, in order to see what is the average death-rate among stock seized, and how far the general mortality among cattle is increased by the prevalence of the disease. The

more especially should such facts have been noted and registered in connection with the change of weather which we have lately experienced. The prevalent opinion among farmers in most parts of England has probably connected the disease with the two very dry summers which they have experienced, especially in its effects on pastures, on water, and on insect life. If they could be clearly convinced that the recent burst of the autumn rains has extensively checked the progress of the malady, their anxieties would be sensibly lightened. If, on the other hand, facts showed that no such salubrious tendency was indicated, they would at any rate find a relief to some of their uncertainties, and would know what to expect. As it is, they seem to be standing still, with their hands in their pockets, whistling "the tune the old cow died of," and allowing their wisdom full time to incubate. We would commend this organization of inquiry to the Metropolitan Cattle Plague Committee, which we are glad to see reviving. We rather thought some professor had "poleaxed" them; but it is clear, from the statements we have above cited, that their heads are laid together again. In combination with the Government, some such method of collecting statistics from facts which are fleeting by us unobserved might probably be devised. The new Royal Commission are sitting closely to their work. Might not even they stoop to scissors and paste, and issue at once some such record of experiences? If the progress of the malady could thus be registered and published weekly in Mark Lane, it would be speedily copied in all the local journals; and instead of endlessly "hunting a pig with a greasy tail," the agricultural mind would be enabled to "take the bull by the horns." It is for want of some such power of taking a clear view of the situation that the projects of cattle insurance seem to languish all over the country just when one might expect that they would be a prominent topic every market-day. As regards practical measures of a general character, the only one which we can trace is the prohibition of sales of lean beasts at the country fairs and markets, which, indeed, farmers of their own accord had in numerous districts tacitly suspended. The prospect of a learned professor, with his "two-handed engine at the door," had led them to this resolution already, as we had occasion to notice in a late article on "Meat." This prohibition forms part of the recommendations recently put forth by the Committee appointed in Edinburgh by the Lord Provost and Town Council, and the magistrates of the West Riding have lately issued it as a regulation.

These resolutions and recommendations of the Edinburgh Committee are the most practical and sensible which have yet appeared, and justify the reputation for mingled sagacity and science enjoyed by the "canny" city from which they proceed. We will give a summary of their most important articles. The plague depends for its action on a specific poison, which filth may occasion but cannot generate. This poison is zymotic, and finds its way into the system chiefly by inhalation, and thence taints the blood and pervades the tissues of the body. Its contagious quality is undoubted, but it is not yet settled whether it can be produced by inoculation, and experiments are still pending to show whether sheep can catch it from oxen. The contagion may probably be conveyed through the clothes of an attendant on diseased cattle to healthy ones. Its time of incubation is generally six or seven days, but may be prolonged to thrice that period. The Committee protest against "indiscriminate slaughter," as the disease is curable, should be treated with hope in all its stages even to the last, and may be expected to mitigate its character after a time. It is a disease of low type, and death generally supervenes through exhaustion. As regards general treatment, they recommend separation, warmth (70° is specified), and cleanliness. Then follow certain remedies on the individual authority of certain medical men. We will cite them, and then append some other similar recipes which have found their way to light. The first is—

2 oz. aqua acetatis ammoniæ
1 oz. sweet spirits of nitre
6 oz. carbonate of ammonia,

to be taken thrice a day in 9 oz. of water. For a laxative, is similarly recommended the following:—

2 oz. sulphur
1 oz. nitre
1 oz. powdered ginger
1 lb. treacle,

the whole mixed with water to make a quart. Against diarrhoea, lime-water, in doses of 1 quart, is recommended, and from ½ oz. to 1 oz. opium. The dose of sulphur, nitre, ginger, and treacle, with slight variations in the proportions, is recommended also by Mr. A. Graham, who writes from Capellie, near Glasgow, and who has, moreover, applied successfully the "cold water cure," in the form of three dry rugs, or other wraps, over three wet ones from horn to tail; when the dry have become wet, and the wet ones dry, it is time then, he says, to pull all off. In connection with this, we may mention the treatment recommended on the authority of a correspondent who addresses Lord Russell through our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, with the signature "H. F. Feuling, K.C.B., &c." As soon as dryness of the skin shows itself, says this adviser, put the animal in a vapour bath and rub him down; let the temperature be such as not to cause too great difficulty in breathing; rub him down and cover him with several blankets; keep out draughts, and especially beware of his catching cold. Then use cooling draughts and food easily digested. Mr. Frank Buckland, whose mind ranges from the physiology of beefsteaks to that of oyster-sauce, "exhibits" chlorate of potash as having been found specially good for lions, tigers, and horses. More than one authority which we have seen recommends sawdust as preferable for a bed to hay or

straw. Mr. Caird, writing from the Hague, says that the Dutchmen, whose chief wealth is the patriarchal one of flocks and herds, began by slaughtering—the usual form which prevention takes in a panic; but that since they got over that stage, and allowed "two Belgian practitioners to treat their cattle homoeopathically," they had saved 50 per cent. of the animals attacked. He further says that precisely such a record of the progress of the disease as we have been suggesting is the practice of the authorities there. Mr. Caird's hint about "homoeopathic treatment" would be more valuable if more explicit. We will append to it, by way of elucidation, a list of remedies given by Mr. James Moore in a pamphlet entitled *The Cattle Plague, with Suggestions for its Treatment by Homoeopathy*. They are arsenicum, aconitum, belladonna, bryonia, mercurius, veratrum, ammonium causticum, iodine, muriatic acid, and camphor. For the lists of "indications" which should guide the choice in applying them we must refer to the pamphlet itself, pages 41–44, as too long for insertion here. As a preventive, he especially recommends arsenicum. We will, however, extract a hint of his given in the concluding note:—

Purchasers of cattle should particularly examine the nose. A cow apparently in good health, eating well, chewing the cud well, and milking as usual, may yet have the plague upon her in course of development. This may be discovered by observing that the upper part of the *ale* (wings) of the openings of the nostrils are swollen and shining, and the dewy part of white noses marked with numerous small slate-coloured spots, flat and not raised above the surface. This is, I believe, a symptom to be met with in every case at least twenty-four hours before the appearance of any others.

Mr. Robert Drutt recommends strongly sesquichloride of iron as a tonic, and restraining excessive discharges, and deodorizing and disinfecting the contents of the alimentary canal; but he supports his opinion somewhat singularly by the assumed analogy of a bad case of puerperal fever in a lady patient, whose "condition bore the strongest resemblance to that of a cow just beginning to die of the cattle-plague."

A thoughtful pamphlet has reached us on the general analogies which govern epidemics in human, animal, and vegetable life, by Dr. John Parkin. The impossibility of epitomizing in twenty pages the large array of facts which could alone furnish a basis wide enough for such analogies to repose upon, gives the little work an appearance of superficiality which we hardly think it deserves. But the important point is that all these authorities contend against the notion that the disease is incurable, and all who refer to the question treat the authorized system of massacre as worthy only of panic-stricken savages. Why, indeed, *typhus bovis* should be so far more desperate than *typhus humanus* no one has attempted to show. The "short way" with it exactly suits the instincts of a Tartar of the Steppes, and those who contend for its exclusively Russian origin may consistently prescribe an equally Russian remedy. Let professors, if they will, sit at the feet of Cossacks; we have not yet learned to regard all as wise men who come "from the East."

Lord Clarendon, in the speech to which we have already referred, is reported, evidently very imperfectly, as follows:—"The Government have felt reluctantly compelled to resort to the experience of foreign countries to stop the progress of the disease"; having stated in the sentence before that as yet "no remedy has been discovered for this dreadful malady except by isolation, and the destruction of the animals affected by it." Of course it depends upon what "foreign countries" you take as your standard. If the semi-barbarous, this maxim of "no remedy" will hold good; if the civilized, we have shown that it is inapplicable. And if the disease be voted incurable in a dozen, and actually treated with success in one, the maxim is good for nothing.

TWO MANCHESTER MEETINGS.

MANCHESTER has on two successive days presented the spectacle of the anniversaries of two voluntary associations of exactly opposite character. The only common nature of the Middle-Class Examinations and the United Kingdom Alliance is that they are both social novelties, and that both claim to do good. The one promotes education, and the other promotes, or claims to promote, temperance. But the means by which these ends are to be compassed are directly opposed. The Bishop of Oxford, as representing the Universities, only puts it into the power of the middle-classes to secure good education for their children. The Temperance League seeks to prohibit the working-man from access to strong drink by severe pains and penalties. The University of Oxford, the traditional stronghold of exclusiveness and tyranny, comes down teaching the sons of craft to affiliate themselves to its comprehensive system; while the great Liberal party, invoking the name of Cobden and identifying themselves with the more advanced section of political freedom, appear as the advocates of a more tyrannical system of domiciliary interference with personal rights and private choice than has ever been thought of under the most grinding despotism of paternal government. The Alliance would treat the working-man as a half-reclaimed savage, only to be managed by the police, while the High-Church Bishop and College Don are anxious to treat the tradesman and the tradesman's son as a man and a brother. And so the whirligig of time and change goes round. Oxford goes out into the highways and byways looking for plebeian pupils in the smithies, while the leaders of Dissent and Reform "inaugurate a renewed agitation," and club their subscriptions for compelling people to be virtuous without principle. Of course it was by the merest accident that the Bishop of Oxford was enlarging on Tuesday afternoon, on the significant stage of the

Free Trade Hall, in one of his most flowing and genial orations, on the objects, advantages, and pleasures of a first-rate education to men engaged in manufactures, while the very same building witnessed the next morning a protracted breakfast and a long report from the Council of the United Kingdom Alliance on their election losses and Parliamentary prospects. Looking in the broadest way at this fortuitous concurrence of opposite policies, we cannot but think hopefully of the future when true Liberalism springs up in the highest places of the nation, and despotism is only exercised towards the poor by the especial friends of humanity. Judging, moreover, by the more tangible criterion of success, the Middle-Class Examinations have only a roll of constantly increasing students, and subjects, and schools to exhibit, while the Alliance has to deplore the expulsion from Parliament of its Chairman, Mr. Lawson, and the rejection of its Secretary, Mr. Pope. Nor does the contrast stop here. The Oxford men only appeal to moral means; the Alliance flies to physical force. The Oxford Examiners avow that they hope to extirpate that shabby charlatan, the advertising proprietor of a Classical and Commercial Academy, but they seek to do this by offering to test him and his scholars by an external standard of voluntary examination. The Alliance will only be satisfied with making, or rather attempting to make, one particular vice impossible in a single and limited area by the forcible and natural agency, not of moral motives, but of actual violence. And this, not, as in the other case, by the victim's own co-operation in his improvement, but at the caprice of a few but influential zealots of a class, and certainly of an influence, above his own. The Alliance goes for a Permissive Bill which is only to permit the few to dictate to the many. The Oxford Examiners simply supply the machinery for men to help themselves in the most serious concern of life. The Alliance treats the body as a subject of interference and experimentalism, apart from man's intelligence and moral nature; while from Oxford, its teachers and doctors proclaim that, if you educate men thoroughly and completely, temperance and chastity, honesty and frugality, are as sure to follow as fruit from a healthy tree. Mediævalism and compulsory asceticism and Pharisaism are preached by Liberals, and the most extensive freedom of education by the priest and pedant. This at any rate is of good omen.

We cannot say that there was anything absolutely novel in the matter of the Bishop's address on delivering the prizes of the Middle-Class Examinations. That there should be no novelty in one famous Oxford celebrity following in annual succession another on such an occasion—a Gladstone one year and a Wilberforce another—is in itself the great novelty; and the fact that a Manchester Prize Day for clerks and shopmen obtaining distinction and proficiency in classics and the higher branches of humane literature should be as much a matter of course as Speech Day at Eton and Harrow, is the only ground upon which we can ask attention to the Bishop of Oxford's visit to Manchester. But if we must select one topic of his speech for particular mention, it would be the frank acknowledgment which the Bishop makes, that it is as much in its own interest as in the interests of its distant and new centres of action that Oxford has taken the lead in this new movement. A University claims, not only by its etymology, but from the necessity of the case, to be universal in its sympathies; and Oxford feels that she must identify herself with living times, and living men, and existing needs. And the admission comes well from this especial quarter. Versatile, ingenious, adapting himself to all sorts of occasions, pursuits, accomplishments, forms of society, and varieties of life, it has been made a charge against the Bishop of Oxford that he is too various, too accommodating, too apt to be everything, and to take part, and often the lead, in everything. But it is not without a purpose that he is all this. We may differ as to his successes or failures, but undoubtedly the Bishop only practises what he preaches; and his preaching is certainly accommodated to the exigencies of actual life. Men are in these days—it may be a matter to be regretted or welcomed—acted on by living men; by public appearances; by the practical proof that, in our common nature, there are common interests in which all may share without foregoing their special place in the community. Oxford has its peculiar province; but this is not exclusive of a share or guidance in larger interests. And Oxford's Bishop only illustrates in a single man's work the same truth. That this same truth is a truth, is proved by its apes as well as its doctors; by the clumsy and unnatural efforts of many friends of the working-classes, as well as by the spontaneous convictions of a Gladstone or a Wilberforce; and that there are some who insult shopkeepers and artisans by telling them that they are demi-gods, only makes it more satisfactory to find that there are so many who treat them as brothers.

And this leads us to remark—or, it may be, to repeat—that, in direct contrast to the Oxford scheme, the cardinal vice of the Alliance is its inhuman character. It draws the stern line of demarcation between vice and virtue; and it treats man as one unfitted to manage or to learn his own best interests. The princess of a fairy tale who is immured for life in a brazen tower can no more be called chaste than a labourer who lives in a parish manipulated under the tender mercies of a Permissive Bill can be called sober. Theft doubtless would be unknown if there were no goods in the world to steal; and the Alliance might certainly claim to be a success where by physical force it had annihilated strong drink. But, as things are, we must accept the existence of property, even though it will always be possible to be robbed of it; and we must take man with his choice of good and

evil, unless we can succeed in reducing him to a chattel, a machine, or such a slave as the world has not yet seen. If man can only be forced into compulsory virtue by whips and chains and prohibitions and statutes and policemen and brazen walls, the result is only the annihilation of virtue and the suppression of human nature. All this, of course, is only said on the wild supposition that the Permissive Bill can ever become English law; or that one set of parishioners may be, as now, free to be temperate or not as their conscience and interests permit them, while their next neighbours may, if the land belong to some Sir Walter Trevelyan or Sir George Pechell, be debarrd from a pint of beer under pain of fine and imprisonment. Tyranny, however, would not be complete unless it added to its honours the crowning vice of hypocrisy. Of course the Alliance does all this in the interests of the helpless and incapable poor man. The Inquisition preferred a better claim to be acting on behalf of men's highest interests when it took charge of everybody's soul. But we are not aware that the Inquisition called itself permissive, or that it gave every township the choice of burning heretics according to the prevalence of a taste for or against the privilege of roasting one's fellow-creatures. A Prohibitory Bill would be at least honest. Cruelty to your neighbour may almost be elevated into a public duty when it is acknowledged to be the right thing to persecute on a high and general principle; but to make persecution the luxury of a favoured and select circle blessed with an exceptional love of ingenious torture is an improvement on injustice which only modern Liberals could have invented.

PAUPERS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

IT is tolerably evident that a pitched battle is to be fought this winter between the London Boards of Guardians on the one side, and the Poor Law Board, the Acts of Parliament, and the whole enlightened opinion of the country on the other. Nobody but those who are utterly inexperienced in such contests, or those who have an idiotic confidence that self-government is invariably synonymous with upright and efficient administration, will be likely to feel at all sanguine that what is apparently the stronger array will come off victorious. The army of Bumbles is small in numbers, but it is of a rare and heroic audacity, and derives an invincible spirit of perseverance from its inveterate selfishness, its lofty contempt for adversaries, and its long career of victory. It always fights most vigorously under the very circumstances which would most fatally discomfit a more sensitive force. To have the sun in their eyes—in other words, to have all considerations of public duty and human charity beating dead against them—only instigates these remarkable troops of Bumbledom to a more furious and indiscriminate valour. The undaunted courage with which, in the defence of their sacred cause, they are ready to defy what is plainly the human law, and to outrage what is commonly taken for divine law, to trample on all public opinion, to temper injustice with cruelty and impudence, is a spectacle which hero-worshippers ought to find truly refreshing. And what is there to cope with this inspired band? A body of officials who only fight from ten to four, whose pockets are not concerned like those of the Guardians, and whose position and means of subsistence are not at stake like those of the beadle and the workhouse-master. Besides the officials, there is the vague and intangible force of public opinion. We are always flattering ourselves that this is in itself mighty enough to vanquish anybody who should venture to withstand it. In a certain elevated sphere, it is true, we find it to be tolerably omnipotent. A Minister or a member of Parliament is unable to set it at defiance. But we seem to argue from this that in every department of social life the mere expression of public opinion is sure in the long run to remove any abuse or calamity that may afflict mankind. The common language heard on every side, when a given nuisance has reached a pitch at which silence is no longer possible, simply concludes in the stolid conviction that the nuisance must be left to the gradual operation of public opinion. Beggars, strikes, labourers' hovels, the *Record*, even the cholera—all are sure to vanish into thin air as soon as you get this mysterious force fairly to bear upon them. The worst of it is, that you never can get it to bear upon some of the most intolerable of nuisances, or anywhere near them. The Bermondsey Guardians, for example, distinctly refused to obey the Houseless Poor Act until Mr. Farnall applied something a little stronger than moral pressure to their insolent obstinacy. If ever there was a measure urgently demanded by public opinion, this was emphatically such. But, then, what is public opinion to a local board? Simply and solely the opinion of the Bermondsey ratepayers, or even of the still more narrow circle to whom the affairs of the Bermondsey Union are entrusted. The members of the local board do not care one atom for the opinion of people whom they never see and never have anything to do with. Why should they? The large conception of public duty is as preposterous, or rather as utterly unintelligible, to men of this sort as Aristotle's conception of the Magnanimous Man. So long as their obstinate disregard of the law is approved among themselves, the fulminations of leading journals, and the mild objurgations of Mr. Farnall, are simply taken for what they are worth. If the people of Bermondsey don't object to have crowds of starving wretches wandering in rags through the Bermondsey streets all through the winter nights, why should Mr. Villiers or the Houses of Parliament interfere and make a fuss? True, we suppose that even in Bermondsey they have heard of humanity

and Christian charity. But, then, what has humanity to do with rates? Business is business; and the one end and aim of a Guardian is to save the rates. The saving of the rates may cost a few dozen lives every winter, and may cause an amount of sheer animal misery, in those who are so unfortunate as to go on living, which even a Bermondsey Guardian does not feel quite happy in contemplating. But this is only an uncomfortable kind of accident, which does not at all impair the satisfactoriness of the general policy. Bermondsey has at last, it seems, in a sort of way, declared its readiness to adopt "temporary" measures for carrying out the law; but it was only in deference to something more than remonstrances on Mr. Farnall's part that the Guardians made their tardy and reluctant submission to authority. We are certainly doing them no wrong in assuming that they will need very close watching to keep them to their duties.

The officials of the East London Union are apparently as doughty antagonists of public opinion and moral forces, and all the other fashionable *simulacra*, as those of Bermondsey. The case of Sarah Trusty is one of those wholesome correctives to national vanity and stolid complacency which it is most desirable to read after a leading article on our unrivalled wealth and our ever-increasing exports and imports. Sarah Trusty is "a ragged forlorn-looking woman," evidently "wasted by disease," at present an inmate of the Homerton workhouse. For some reason or other she is not allowed to go into the infirmary, so she cannot lie in bed all day; but when too exhausted to stand or sit, she has to throw herself on the floor and rest her head against a bench. One day of her history is worth noticing. She left Eltham, which is some eight miles from London Bridge, at daybreak, having a little bread by way of breakfast. By half-past eleven she reached Bishopsgate and the person jocosely called the relieving officer. Here, for some reason or other, she was turned out of the office without any ado. The officer said she used bad language. She says she did not. Let us take his word for it. What if she did use bad language? We make bold to say that there is not a country clergyman or a member of Parliament who would not have used bad language if, when he had walked some hours with only a bit of bread in his stomach—and "*wasted with disease*," moreover—he had been told by the person whose business it was to relieve him that nothing could be done till inquiries had been made at Eltham; that is, for some twenty-four or forty-eight hours to come. What a storm would have greeted the officer if Sarah Trusty had been Mr. Disraeli, or Mr. Bright, or the Pope. Bad language is not a thing to be admired, but it is certainly not an offence to be punished by a sentence of starvation to death. However, the Lord Mayor interfered, and the woman got an order for Homerton. She had to walk to Homerton, a distance of three miles, and it was half-past six before she had any tea. That is to say, this miserable creature, wasted with disease, and her two children, the eldest of whom is only eleven, had not a morsel of food from daybreak till the time they reached Homerton, and they had walked a distance of not less than twelve miles. Why does not somebody summon the relieving officer for cruelty to animals? Put aside all considerations about the Poor-laws, and forget that Sarah Trusty is a human being. Elevate her for the moment to the position of a dog or an ass. If a costermonger made his donkey, with a raw on its ribs, trudge about from morning to night without food, he would probably get imprisoned. It would really be an immense reform, until the Poor-law authorities awake to their duties, to put paupers on a level with brutes. When the Commissioner blamed the officer for never offering her any food, this admirable personage replied that she never asked for any. The Commissioner's answer tells the whole story:—"You saw her at eleven o'clock, and she told you she had walked from Eltham, which you must know to be a long distance. She then comes back to you at three o'clock, and you don't know that she has had any food, and yet you send her a three miles' journey without offering her anything." Or perhaps this is not quite the whole story; for the officer, when compelled to give the woman her order, had the impudence to endorse it with the words, "a very respectable woman." Because, we presume, she had used bad language to an official who was effectually contributing to cause her speedy death of starvation and exhaustion. Yet this is only a modest sample of the kind of case with which, in the absence of energetic official action, we may expect to be sickened and exasperated for months to come. It is the kind of case which gives such a fillip to the evil practice of promiscuous almsgiving as undoes the effect of a year's economic preaching on the other side. What is the use of Mr. Villiers and Mr. Farnall, and all the rest of the central officers, if they cannot temper in the slightest degree the spirit of the local officers? It is to be hoped that the result of all this inquiry, and of the consequent pressure of public opinion, will be something more than a mild reprimand from the Central Board, which the Guardians will communicate to the officer, and for which the officer will care not a straw, knowing that the local authorities—that is, all the public opinion which really affects him—are fully on his side.

Then, on the other hand, are we to go on for ever reading the cases of those sturdy ruffians who tear their clothes in the workhouse, and insist on being brought before the magistrate in the severe simplicity of a shirt, a pair of boots, and a hat? It has been found from ample experience that slight terms of imprisonment are not of the least use in repressing this atrocious practice. Are we then to sit placidly by, and let strong young paupers tear their clothes as much as they will, and bite the workhouse master when he tries to dress them? It appears so. Yet is it

possible to think of an offence for which a sound whipping would be a more suitable punishment, or one more likely to have a strongly deterrent effect? The gratuitous wickedness of the offence cannot be extenuated by the most sentimental of philanthropists. Surely it would be worth while to try the lash for ruffians of this sort. Perhaps public opinion, we shall be told, is all against such a punishment. The function of public opinion seems to be always of this negative kind. It never does anything itself, and it stands in the way of everything like vigour and efficiency in those who would do something.

TAXATION AND PROPERTY IN IRELAND.

A COMMITTEE of the House of Commons sat during the last two Sessions to inquire into the taxation of Ireland. It had been contended that that taxation was neither conformable to the provisions of the Treaty of Union nor just in reference to the resources of the country. The Report of the Committee, published a few weeks ago, contains much curious and interesting matter, the value of which is irrespective of the merits of the agitation out of which the investigation arose.

By the 7th Article of the Treaty of Union, it was agreed that the charge arising from the debt incurred in either Kingdom before the Union should continue to be separately defrayed by the two Kingdoms, except as thereafter provided. It was further agreed that, for the space of twenty years after the Union, the contribution of Great Britain and Ireland respectively towards the expenditure of the United Kingdom in each year should be defrayed in the proportion of fifteen parts for Great Britain and two parts for Ireland; and that, at the expiration of twenty years, the expenditure of the United Kingdom (other than the charges of the debt to which either country should be separately liable) should be defrayed in such proportion as the Parliament of the United Kingdom should deem just and reasonable, upon a comparison of the real value of the exports and imports of the respective countries, or by the application of certain other tests therein mentioned. It was also stipulated that these proportions should be revised at periods not more distant than twenty years, unless Parliament should declare, as thereafter provided, that the expenditure of the United Kingdom should be defrayed indiscriminately by equal taxes imposed on the like articles in both countries. The Article contains further provisions, not very intelligibly expressed, upon which two principal questions have arisen—namely, first, whether it was consistent with the Treaty of Union that any addition should be made to the separate debt of Ireland after the Union; and, secondly, whether indiscriminate taxation could be levied without a special declaration by Parliament that the time had arrived for doing so. Upon the first question, which depends upon the language of the treaty, different opinions have been expressed, and it is hardly worth while to undertake to decide between them. It is admitted, by those who raised the question, that Ireland was in as good a position under the system of separate loans as if the loans had been joint. Upon the second question, it is generally agreed that the terms of the treaty were not strictly adhered to. The Act of 1816, for amalgamating the British and Irish Exchequers, did, however, amount in substance to a declaration of the necessity for levying indiscriminate taxation, such as was required by the treaty. Many of the difficulties arising as to the construction of the treaty are ascribed by the Committee to the fact that its framers did not contemplate the large war expenditure which occurred in the years following the Union, and seem rather to have anticipated a surplus in the revenues of each country than a deficiency. It does not appear that the heavy charge entailed on Ireland in the years following the Union was the result of the accounts being kept separate, or of any technical error in carrying out the Treaty of Union; but this charge resulted from the failure of Ireland to meet by taxation as large a proportion of her contribution as was met in that way by Great Britain.

We have seen that the proportion of contribution by the two countries to their joint expenditure was fixed by the Treaty of Union at two-sevenths for Ireland, and fifteen-sevenths for Great Britain. Experience proved that the resources of Ireland were insufficient to meet this liability. A Parliamentary Committee of 1811 reported that Ireland had advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain; for while the revenue of Great Britain had increased from 1801 to 1811 in the proportion of 21½ to 10, the revenue of Ireland had in the same time increased in the proportion of 23 to 10. In spite of these exertions, however, the taxation of Ireland, which was mainly indirect, failed to realize what was expected; and as it was thought inexpedient to extend the income-tax to that country, a resort to loans was rendered necessary. During the same period Great Britain raised such sums by war-taxes as rendered it unnecessary for her to have recourse to loans to the same extent in proportion to her resources as Ireland did. The result was, that the proportion between the separate funded debts of Great Britain and Ireland, which at the Union was about 15½ to 1, became in 1816 about 6 to 1. This was the state of facts laid before the Committee of 1815, and it formed the ground of their recommendation that the debts should be consolidated and the Exchequers of the two countries amalgamated. The comparison between the amounts of the separate debts of the two countries has lately been repeated with greater accuracy, taking into account the unfunded as well as the funded debt. The result is, that the proportion was at the Union 28·2 to 2, and in 1816 it was 12·2 to 2. If the consolida-

tion of the debts had not taken place, and if the system of raising revenue which prevailed from 1801 to 1816 had been continued, the Irish separate debt would have increased until the country might have been crushed by it. The system of taxation which has been adopted since 1817 has been, generally speaking, indiscriminate; but Ireland has been so far favoured that she has been more or less excused from certain taxation which has been laid upon Great Britain. After 1823 the Customs' duties became identical; but the Excise duty on spirits was for a long time lower in Ireland than in Great Britain; the Income-tax was not for a long time extended to Ireland; and she is still exempt from the land and assessed taxes, and from the duties on railway passengers, hackney and stage-carriages, patent medicines, and race-horses. It appears that in 1806 the proportion of Irish revenue to British was about 1 to 13, and in 1862 it was about 1 to 9.

The methods of comparing the capability of the two countries to bear taxation which are provided by the Treaty of Union cannot now be satisfactorily adopted. Several other tests of comparative wealth have, however, been applied by the Committee. Thus the total amounts of property assessed to Income-tax for an average of three years, ending in 1864, were for the two countries in the proportion of 13 to 1. The total amounts of accumulated deposits in public savings' banks for 1863 were as 19 to 1. The total amounts of deposits in Post-office savings' banks since their first establishment were as 23½ to 1. The gross receipts of railways for the year 1863 were as 19½ to 1. The yearly interest on Government Stocks payable in the two countries respectively was as 19 to 1. The amounts of Probate, Legacy, and Succession duty on an average of three years were as 16 to 1. Though it may be impossible to ascertain exactly the comparative wealth of the two countries, the Committee were satisfied, from these figures and other evidence, that the wealth of Great Britain is far more than 7½ times as much as that of Ireland, and therefore that the proportion in which Ireland was required, by the Treaty of Union, to contribute to the joint expenditure of the two countries was too high. But we have seen that Ireland never did contribute in this proportion, for, instead of 1 to 7½, the proportion was 1 to 13 in 1806, and 1 to 9 in 1862. As regards local taxation, it is somewhat remarkable that for the last twenty years the amounts raised in the two countries are nearly in the proportion fixed for Imperial taxation by the Treaty of Union, being 11·76 to 88·24 per cent. As regards the aids which either country receives from Imperial funds towards local purposes, the total amounts of grants of this nature were, for the year 1864, in the proportion of 32 for Ireland to 67 for Great Britain. These grants, however, are exclusive of grants for public works. During the famine years in Ireland, large sums were spent upon such works without much regard to probable reproductiveness of outlay; but at present it appears that landowners do not avail themselves of the willingness of Government to make advances.

The Committee deal satisfactorily with some suggestions which have been put forward for promoting the prosperity of Ireland. They hold that it would be an error to expend money voted for national objects in any other way than that which is best for the nation at large. "If a naval arsenal is required, that arsenal should be constructed at the spot most suitable for it and most advantageous to the nation." But the Committee approve of reproductive expenditure of public money, as in land improvement and drainage works, by which, under present regulations, there is no risk of loss. The Committee were instructed to inquire into this subject, which is distinct from that of taxation, and they have collected evidence of considerable value in reference to the duties which English opinion would impose upon Irish landlords towards their tenants, and the means for performing those duties which have been provided by legislation. It appears that the applications for loans under the Land Improvement Acts have fallen off from 379,836*l.*, in 1849, to 58,830*l.* in 1864. There have been only thirty-three loans granted for labourers' cottages under the Act. The Committee consider these figures to indicate that the conditions under which loans are granted are too onerous, and they recommend certain modifications. Suggestions of this character for the benefit of Ireland are sure to be received with attention by Parliament, although very moderate expectations may be entertained by Englishmen as to their efficacy. As regards arterial drainage, however, upon which other improvements depend, it appears that great additional facilities might be afforded by an alteration of the law. Parliament has been liberal in the amount of its grants of money for this purpose, but the terms of its offers are not attractive. The Board of Works in Ireland has at present an available fund of 385,000*l.*, of which only 3,500*l.* has been appropriated. In addition to the balance in hand, the Board receives yearly 60,000*l.* of public money under one of the many Acts which have been passed to promote Irish land improvement. The reason why the Board finds itself in possession of so much more money than it knows what to do with is, that for every sum advanced by the Board for arterial drainage the landowners of the district are required to expend an equal sum. There seems to be no objection to the Board undertaking to bear the whole, instead of half, of the cost of drainage works which the Board satisfies itself beforehand will be reproductive. The Committee recommended that the law should be altered so as to empower the Board to supply the entire outlay, and Government adopted their recommendation. The alteration looks hopeful, but there are very few new things under the sun, and this is not among them. The law which requires amendment was only passed in 1863, and before that time a system

prevailed nearly the same as that to which it is now proposed to return. From 1842 to 1860 the sum of 2,243,000*l.* of public money was expended in Ireland under the various Acts for arterial drainage: This sum was originally charged upon the lands supposed to be benefited, but 1,190,000*l.* was afterwards remitted to the landowners. These remissions were granted in respect of works which had been undertaken hastily, with a view rather to employ the people than to improve the land reproductively. Of the balance unremitted, about 750,000*l.* has been paid off by the landowners, and 303,000*l.* remains to be paid. The Board of Works appears fully competent to superintend future outlay, so as not to impose upon landowners a burden instead of conferring a benefit. It may be hoped, but not too confidently, that the next twenty years will see great improvements effected by this Board. Landlords who want money to improve can have it for asking; and tenants who desire to improve, in their landlords' default, and charge them with the outlay, can do so by complying with certain regulations. But processes which would be simple elsewhere are found to be inexpressibly difficult in Ireland.

REVIEWS.

MISS BERRY'S JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

MISS BERRY appears to have had many excellent qualities, but the principal interest of her life is derived from the society in which she had the merit and good fortune to live for more than seventy years. Lady Theresa Lewis, who has edited her Journals and Letters with remarkable taste and judgment, is of opinion that Miss Berry possessed no striking powers of conversation, and that she was deficient both in the playfulness and in the imagination which form the most important elements of social genius. A judgment which can only have been formed during Miss Berry's later years is fully confirmed both by her confidential letters and by her more ambitious compositions. From her earliest youth down to extreme age she seems to have possessed uniform good sense and considerable acuteness of mind. Above all, she had the inestimable talent of attracting genuine friends, while she was also skilful in filling up the gaps which were made by time and circumstances in the large circle of her acquaintance; yet, in a correspondence which reaches from the age of twenty to ninety, there is not a trace of humour. Lady Theresa Lewis describes the defects of Miss Berry's intellectual character in a passage which may serve as a condensed essay on the art of conversation:—

What was wanting in Miss Berry's mind were the lighter graces and gifts which spring from a lively imagination; that playfulness of thought which, by the humorous combination of fanciful imagery, enlivens dullness itself, and can convert into subjects of mirth the most ordinary occurrences or even the trifling annoyances of life. Nor was there in her mind that vivid connection between things seen and thoughts unseen that lends the magic charm of poetry to scenes and circumstances which can be only half enjoyed without this power of awakening association and combining reality with imagination. Miss Berry had the highest admiration for poetry, and a most cultivated taste in the selection of what she admired; she had an intellectual pleasure in epigrammatic wit; but social intercourse never elicited from her those sparkles which, without pretending to enlighten, give brilliancy to trifles unworthy of graver discussion.

Perhaps the centre of a perfect society ought, like the hero of a novel, to be comparatively passive and neutral. Miss Berry and her sister Agnes contributed to the enjoyment of their guests not only their own direct share in social intercourse, but the friendly mutual relations which seem to have arisen naturally under their influence:—

There was an absence of formality, a kindly mingling together of persons of various habits, pursuits, and positions in life, that tended to bring different portions of society together, as much as in other coteries there is a tendency to keep them apart; and when death had closed this little chapter in our social life, no one attempted, or indeed could have carried it on with equal success. Their age, their experience in society, Miss Berry's acknowledged talent, their home-staying life, their absence of domestic duties and of family ties, all contributed to give them the power and the means, which others have not, to do that which few would have done so well under equally favourable circumstances.

The same characteristics are noted in a graceful stanza of Lord Houghton's lines on the Death of Miss Berry:—

Our English grandeur on the shelf
Deposited its decent gloom,
And every pride unloosed itself
Within that modest room;
Where none were sad, and few were dull,
And each one said his best,
And beauty was most beautiful
With vanity at rest.

It required no ordinary social faculty to induce English grandees to deposit their decent gloom in a mixed assemblage.

To a posterity of strangers Miss Berry's Remains are interesting rather through her correspondents, and her long and varied experience, than on her own account; yet the first volume records two touching little romances, in which she was alternately the object of a strong attachment and the sufferer from a heavy disappointment. As she was born in 1763, the first portion of her life may be said to terminate with the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole, whose friendship first raised her into celebrity, died three years before its close; and a little earlier her engagement to General O'Hara was dissolved, to

* *Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry.* Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

her life-long regret. In some "Notes of Early Life," Miss Berry, with a carelessness not unusual to feminine autobiographers, forgets to explain how the sisters, on their entrance into the world, found immediate access to the best society. Her father had been long an indolent expectant on the bounty of a rich uncle, who ultimately selected Mr. Berry's younger brother as his heir. As old Mr. Ferguson of Raith had made his own fortune, it might be supposed that he had a moral right to make a selection between two maternal nephews; but the daughter of the less fortunate candidate never forgave either the unnatural testator or the legatee who, as she vigorously asserts, "choused us out of our inheritance." The supposed injustice served as a pretext for an habitual contrast between her own qualifications and her comparatively narrow fortune. Of her useless and helpless father she speaks only as an appendage to herself, while her sister is the object of constant and protecting affection.

A legacy of 10,000*l.* from his uncle, and an annuity of 1,000*l.* a year from his brother, enabled Mr. Berry and his family to visit Italy in 1783. Almost at the commencement of the journey Miss Berry took the reins of domestic government out of the incompetent hands of her unlucky parent:—

At Florence was our first stop, and here for the first time I began to feel my situation, and how entirely dependent I was on my own resources for my conduct, respectability, and success. My father, with the odd inherent easiness of his character, had since my mother's death entirely abandoned the world, and all his early acquaintance in it, entirely forgetting that on him now depended the success and happiness of two motherless daughters. I soon found that I had to lead those who ought to have led me; that I must be a protecting mother, instead of a gay companion, to my sister, and to my father a guide and monitor, instead of finding in him a tutor and protector.

As the friendless orphans of Florence were a few weeks afterwards enjoying the society of kings and cardinals at Rome, the girl of twenty seems to have been equal to the occasion, and perhaps she may have been hasty in her filial criticisms. Her travelling journal is interesting, as all records of a distant time acquire value like an oyster-shell transfigured into a fossil. Long extracts from critical catalogues of pictures and statues, though they are as unreadable as if they were contained in a guide-book, are judiciously preserved by Lady Theresa Lewis as memorials of contemporary taste. The few corrections and explanations are supplied from Murray's *Handbook*, or from similar compilations. Some surprise may be felt at the narrative of a visit to Chamouni, including an ascent to the Montanvert, performed more than eighty years ago. When the travellers ventured on the Glacier des Boissons or the Mer de Glace, they were provided with "fir poles shod with iron," and Mr. Berry wore *crampons*—or, as his daughter more correctly calls them, *grimpons*—on his feet. The fashion of Alpine tours was afterwards rudely interrupted by the war, and it was not until thirty years after Miss Berry's first visit that Chamouni was rediscovered by English tourists.

In 1785 Miss Berry returned with her family to England, having composed at Calais a private soliloquy in French, which was intended to express a profound melancholy by no means unusual in early life. She afterwards copied out a curiously parallel collection of morbid sentiments from the posthumous works of Madame Roland. If Miss Berry, addressing herself in the second person, has lost "le plus doux, le plus naturel, le plus délicieux de tous les enthousiasmes," Madame Roland has, at exactly the same age, become "étrangère aux transports de l'enthousiasme, aux déchirements de la compassion, aux élans de l'amitié." "Tu" (Miss Berry) "as perdu les aimables faiblesses, les douces erreurs, les heureux préjugés de ton âge et de ton sexe, sans avoir acquis cette force d'âme, ces lumières sûres et étendues," &c. &c. "I" (Madame Roland) "trop tôt éclairée par des épreuves affligeantes, prémunie contre les sentimens qui me restoient à concevoir"—have, in short, lost all illusions, and become a female prototype of Childe Harold. There is undoubtedly, in the two effusions of fancied despair, a likeness or identity which might puzzle a comparative anatomist if he neglected to trace two parallel organizations to a common ancestor. Both passages prove that the writers were out of spirits and in want of wholesome interests, and, more definitely, that they were both admiring students of Rousseau. Like young poetasters of the Byronic era, they had exhausted their capabilities of feeling at twenty-three; nor did Miss Berry foresee that she would be in love at thirty-three with General O'Hara, or Madame Roland that she would at thirty-six combine with her conjugal devotion to her virtuous husband a passionate attachment to Buzot. Miss Berry, when she was older and wiser, rightly thought that the full development of her faculties, as well as her chances of happiness, had been prevented by the disappointment of the hopes which she had founded on the near prospect of a suitable marriage. She also, with less reason, cherished through life ambitious hopes or regrets. She was impatient of the want of a definite career, and sometimes almost of her sex. In her old age she perhaps began to understand that her extraordinary social success was better than literary fame. A certain tone of self-assertion which gives a character of hardness to her private journals implies an amusing protest against the assumed injustice of nature or of fortune.

In 1788, Mr. Berry and his daughters, having taken a house at Twickenham, became acquainted with Horace Walpole, who, in a letter to Lady Osory, describes the sisters as the best-informed and most perfect creatures of their age whom he has ever seen. "Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes, that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is more interesting

from being pale. Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost." On the first meeting he had declined to become acquainted with them. "The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel, both inside and out." Soon afterwards the new friends began to exchange complimentary rhymes, and letters which on one side express a deep and earnest attachment. At the age of seventy-one, perhaps for the first time in his life, Horace Walpole fell deeply in love, and, until his death in 1797, Miss Berry's society and friendship became at the same time indispensable to his happiness and insufficient. His anxiety to disguise the feeling which is betrayed in all his letters would be laughable if it were not painfully touching. Keenly alive to ridicule, and fearing to offend the object of his affection, he incessantly repeats the assertion that his friendship is wholly unalloyed by love, and that both sisters hold precisely the same place in his regard; but the exclusive and passionate character of his devotion is transparently displayed. It was Horace Walpole's odd fortune twice in his life to illustrate, in the strongest form of caricature, the imperfect reciprocity of almost every kind of affection. In love, in friendship, among near relatives, and even in the ordinary intercourse of society, the power of attraction often varies inversely with susceptibility of its influence. According to a French apophthegm, somewhere quoted by Miss Berry, "c'est toujours l'un qui baise, et l'autre qui tend la joue"; and when crabbed age addresses itself to youth, the disproportion is necessarily increased. At fifty, Horace Walpole was beloved by a blind woman of seventy, and at seventy-one he was enamoured of a woman of twenty-five. At both ages he was equally aware of the absurdity of the relation, though he could neither check Madame du Deffand's effusions of regard nor control his own solicitude for Miss Berry.

Except in the compassionate interest which is suggested by a false position, the letters to Miss Berry are the least valuable portion of Horace Walpole's voluminous correspondence. Although his faculties were unimpaired, he was too much in earnest, too anxious, and too exacting to indulge in the easy play of wit and fancy which makes him the first of English letter-writers. Only here and there a flash of liveliness recalls the brilliancy which would perhaps have been incompatible with habitual tenderness. "General Conway," he once tells Miss Berry, "asked me if this earthquake (the French Revolution) was not a theme to moralize on. I told him that it made me feel more disposed to immortalize." An utter absence of poetical taste which was perhaps, notwithstanding Lady Theresa Lewis's statement, shared by his correspondent, is shown by an extravagant eulogy of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*:—

I send you the most delicious poem on earth. If you do not know what it is all about or why, at least you will find glorious smiles about everything in the world. . . . In short all, all, is the most lovely poetry. And then one sighs to think that such profusion of poetry, magnificent and tender, should be thrown away on what neither interests nor instructs, and, with all the pains the notes take to explain, is scarce intelligible.

The same lovely poetry fascinated Miss Edgeworth's ear, and in Lord Brougham Dr. Darwin retains one surviving admirer.

Miss Berry received Lord Orford's homage with prudent kindness, with delicacy, and with good sense. According to Lady Theresa Lewis, she was well aware that she might have become his wife, but she contrived to spare him and herself the vexation of a useless offer. Gratifying him by the frequent enjoyment of her presence, she never allowed him to engross her society or to direct her movements; and once or twice, in spite of his remonstrances, she spent considerable periods of her time on the Continent. There is no stronger proof of her personal merit than a close friendship which she contracted with the family of Horace Walpole's cousin and lifelong friend, Marshal Conway, and especially with his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Damer. As the favourite, and almost the adopted child, of her father's friend, Mrs. Damer would probably have regarded with reasonable jealousy any negligence or undue encroachment on the part of a comparative stranger. Mrs. Damer's letters are far superior to Miss Berry's, and perhaps they are the best in the present collection. No account remains of the feeling with which the aged lover received from Miss Berry, in 1796, the announcement of her engagement to General O'Hara. She accepted the offer during a visit to Marshal Conway at Park Place, and soon afterwards, on his appointment as Governor of Gibraltar, General O'Hara pressed her to conclude the marriage, and to accompany him to his post. Some mistaken sense of duty, connected probably with her excessive self-esteem, induced her to throw away an opportunity which was never recalled. In the midst of war, communication was difficult or uncertain, and misunderstandings, which, as Miss Berry thought, would have been removed by a personal interview, perhaps began with reasonable resentment of her conceited perversity. After a time, correspondence ceased, the engagement was formally dissolved, and in the course of years General O'Hara died at Gibraltar, leaving a memory which Miss Berry cherished to the last. In 1797 she had sustained a less heavy loss by the death of Lord Orford. She had now reached middle life, and she often called herself old by a common figure of speech which expresses the universal regret for the departure of youth. She had still, however, fifty years to spend in the heart of society, and the journals and correspondence of her later life contain many interesting memorials of her long experience.

(To be continued.)

TOM PAINE.*

TOM PAINE is one of those writers who have been, as it were, gibbeted by a not very remote posterity. Probably hardly any one opens his works; no one takes the trouble to know much about his life; he survives in the memory of men as a kind of disreputable ghost, who, having ignominiously failed in an assault, as hopeless as it was wicked, on all that men hold most sacred, does not deserve even that slight amount of respect which would be implied in calling him Thomas. He is, and always will be, Tom—the wretched uneducated plebeian who dared to attack Church and State. In our days, indeed, he is chiefly an awful example. The ribaldry of Voltaire, the polished sneer of Gibbon, and the coarse brutality of Tom Paine, usually swing at one end of the see-saw, the other end of which supports Locke, Boyle, and Newton, weighted also with appropriate epithets. Paine, however, once attracted great attention, and was a real live monster whom it was thought creditable to kill. Lady Hester Stanhope, if we are not mistaken, says that her uncle Pitt used to speak of him as being both very able and perfectly consistent; and he himself boasts, in the second part of the *Rights of Man*, that between forty and fifty thousand copies of the first part had been sold in the United Kingdom. His works have therefore something of an historical interest, and it is worth the while of those who care for the history of past controversies to look a little into them.

Paine's reputation, such as it is, rests upon three performances—*Common Sense*, published in 1776; the *Rights of Man*, in two parts, published respectively in 1791 and 1792; and the *Age of Reason*, in three parts, published in 1793, 1795, and 1807. Besides these, he published a variety of other pamphlets of much inferior interest, relating principally to the American politics of the day. His most considerable performances by far are those which we have named. Perhaps the most characteristic passage in the whole of his works, and certainly the one which throws the greatest light on their nature, is to be found in the first part of the *Age of Reason*. That strange performance was written under the solemn sanction of imminent danger to life; for Paine, whilst he was writing it, expected to be guillotined, and he was actually arrested within six hours after its conclusion. Towards the end of it he gives an account of his life and of the growth of his opinions, and this enables us to understand clearly enough what sort of man he was. "My father," he says, "being of the Quaker profession, it was my good fortune to have an exceeding good moral education and a tolerable stock of useful learning." He was sent to a grammar-school at Thetford, but learnt no Latin, "because of the objection the Quakers have against the books in which that language is taught." He adds, "The natural bent of my mind was to science. I had some turn, and I believe some talent, for poetry." He gives, by the way, a singular specimen of his poetical gifts in a note to another part of the *Age of Reason*, which contains an elaborate argument to prove that the Hebrew prophets wrote poetry. "To show, that these writings are composed in poetical numbers, I will take ten syllables as they stand in the book, and make a line of the same number of syllables (heroic measure) that shall rhyme with the last word. It will then be seen that the composition of these books is poetical measure." It does not seem to have occurred to him that any one could see it without his help. "The instance I shall produce is from Isaiah:—

Hear, oh ye heavens, and give ear O earth,
'Tis God himself that calls attention forth."

It does not appear to have struck him that "The *Age of Reason* written by Tom Paine" is a very good heroic line, or that "An outsize officer in the Excise, under the name of fifty pounds a year," to take another example from his own works, is a couplet. He appears to have studied mathematics with attention, and to have derived from them the only real cultivation that his mind ever received. He speaks of mathematics, however, with the same awkwardness as of poetry:—

The scientific principles that man employs to obtain the foreknowledge of an eclipse, or of anything else relating to the motion of the heavenly bodies, are contained chiefly in that part of science which is called trigonometry, or the properties of a triangle, which, when applied to the study of the heavenly bodies, is called astronomy; when applied to direct the course of a ship on the ocean, it is called navigation; when applied to the construction of figures drawn by rule and compass, it is called geometry; when applied to the construction of plans of edifices, it is called architecture; when applied to the measurement of any portion of the surface of the earth, it is called land surveying. In fine, it is the soul of science; it is an eternal truth; it contains the mathematical demonstration of which man speaks, and the extent of its uses is unknown.

There is a clumsy perversity about calling geometry a case of trigonometry which is thoroughly characteristic of Paine.

With this degree of education Paine combined, from his early childhood, a profound aversion to Christianity as commonly understood. "When about seven or eight years of age," he heard a sermon on the Atonement:—

After the sermon was ended I went into the garden, and as I was going down the garden steps (for I perfectly recollect the spot) I revolved at the recollection of what I had heard. . . . This was not one of those kind of thoughts that had anything in it of childish levity; it was to me a serious reflection. . . . I believe in the same manner to this moment; and I moreover believe that any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system.

This is a very remarkable passage, and shows the strong side of Paine's mind. He had many and great faults, yet it is but bare

justice to him and to his Quaker education to remember that he had also the great merit of implicit obedience to the dictates of his own conscience, though that conscience might be, and no doubt was, very ill-instructed on many points. The Quaker doctrine of the Inner Light, and the Quaker contempt for external authority, whether in books or men, as being carnal ordinances, lay at the bottom of Paine's character, and led him by an easy transition to be a dogmatic Deist and Republican. He says himself:—

The religion that approaches the nearest of all others to true Deism in the moral and benign part thereof is that professed by the Quakers; but they have contracted themselves too much by leaving the works of God out of their system. Though I reverence their philanthropy, I cannot help smiling at the conceit that, if the taste of a Quaker could have been consulted at the creation, what a silent and drab-coloured creation it would have been.

Such was Paine; a vigorous, sturdy snob (the word must be excused, for it exactly describes the man), with a slight education, principally mathematical, with strong conscientious feelings of a narrow kind, and with a creed which led him to revolt against all established beliefs, and to cling to his own views with all the vehemence of a dogmatist. No kind of man can be more vehement, more impatient of compromise, more prejudiced against all English institutions, and more inclined to view them with hearty dogmatic dislike, than a Quaker broken loose from his creed. Paine is not the only person of that description known to our history, and a considerable resemblance to his sentiments is to be found in those of men who have not been brought by circumstances into such marked collision either with the political institutions or with the religious belief of their country.

Let us now turn from the man to his writings. The first of them which attracted much attention was *Common Sense*, dated at Philadelphia in 1776. It is a furious attack on the English Constitution, followed up by a view of the state and prospects of America. It shows a shrewd, keen appreciation of the state of things then existing, mixed up, however, with a fierce indignation against England and things English, which it is still painful to read because it is impossible not to recognise in them the expression of a feeling which the whole system of our government had created in Paine's mind, which it must have created in the minds of many others like him, and which, whatever our national partiality may say to the contrary, it does still excite to a considerable extent in a far larger number of persons than would generally be supposed. It ought never to be forgotten that, though Reform has triumphed over Revolution in this country, there always was, and still is, a revolutionary section of the community. Indifference to the history and cordial dislike to the institutions of this country, and passionate admiration for the United States in which their principles triumphed and permanently established themselves, are the characteristics of this party. No one displays them with so hard an outline or puts upon them so keen an edge as a Quaker sufficiently emancipated from the principles of his sect to take part in political life, and yet sufficiently under its dominion to retain the unexpressed conviction that the existing institutions of mankind, their governments, their laws, their wars, their glories, and their literature, all rest on an unsound "carnal" foundation, and ought to be replaced from top to bottom by institutions founded on those thin notions of morals and politics into which Quakerism develops itself when it passes from the passive into the active and dogmatic stage.

The great object of *Common Sense* is to wean the Americans from that pride in England and things English which still survived the outbreak of hostilities in very many of them, and which still led a considerable party to consider reconciliation as a possible and desirable event. Paine's object is to show that the badness of the English Government and the brightness of their own prospects made such a reconciliation altogether undesirable, even if it had been possible. He begins with a remark, which is certainly profound and contains much truth, that society is not to be confounded with government, and that, whilst the former is good in itself, the latter is at best a necessary evil. He then goes on to examine the English Constitution, which he says consists of "the base remains of two ancient tyrannies—Monarchical tyranny in the person of the king, Aristocratic tyranny in the persons of the peers—compounded with some new republican materials." He then enters upon a fierce attack on kings in general, which is supported oddly enough by many texts of Scripture, and is as fierce, ignorant, and brutal as any composition need to be. "Could we," says he, "trace kings to their first rise, we should find the first of them nothing better than the principal ruffian of some restless gang, whose savage manners or pre-eminence in subtlety obtained him the title of chief among plunderers," &c. &c. If Paine had read Homer and Hesiod in his youth, instead of filling his mind with the belief that trigonometry and his own notions of right and wrong were the sole measures of all things external and internal, he might have learnt a very different lesson as to the light in which the earliest kings, the "shepherds of the people," were regarded. Nay, if he had read the Bible with an open mind, he would scarcely have thought or spoken so hardly of the patriarchs who are the earliest princes described there. To call Abraham "the principal ruffian of a restless gang" would be a marvellous abuse of language on any hypothesis as to the book of Genesis. Of the English monarchy, in particular, he speaks with furious hatred and contempt. It was founded in robbery at the Norman Conquest. It inflicted on the nation a long course of miseries, and it had arrived, when he wrote, at a state of degraded uselessness:—

In England the King hath little more to do than to make war and give away places; which, in plain terms, is to impoverish the nation and set it

* The Theological and Political Works of Thomas Paine.

together by the ears. A pretty business, indeed, for a man to be allowed eight hundred thousand sterling, and worshipped into the bargain! Of more worth is one honest man to society than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived.

This indignant account of the English Government is followed by an argument to show how unfit England was to govern America, and how much better independence and union would be than reconciliation. A constitution is rapidly sketched out, the immense resources of America are dilated on, and the whole subject is handled in a way which culminates at last in the following memorable words:—

Should an independency be brought about by the legal voice of the people in Congress, we have every opportunity and every encouragement before us to form the noblest, purest constitution on the face of the earth. We have it in our power to begin the world over again. A situation similar to the present hath not happened since the days of Noah till now. The birthday of a new world is at hand, and a race of men perhaps as numerous as all Europe contains are to receive their portion of freedom from the event of a few months.

These words ought not to be forgotten by those who continually put forward the French Revolution as the great crisis of modern history. The American plant is older, healthier, and far more successful, and endowed with much greater powers of reproduction. The history of the last ninety years has, no doubt, shown that Paine's estimate of the institutions of his own country was ignorant, narrow-minded, and false; but if he were still alive, it cannot be denied that he would be able to point to the great career of the United States as a confirmation of the positive part of his teaching, and to say that, in so far as he had erred about England, his error lay in underrating the degree in which his own principles would be practically recognised and acted upon by the English people and Government. The history of the British Constitution for the last three generations has been in many respects glorious, but it has not been a history of the growth of the powers of monarchy or aristocracy.

Paine's minor American pamphlets are not worth reading, but this cannot be said of the *Rights of Man*. It is a fierce answer, from the ultra-democratic point of view, to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*. The first part was published in 1791, and the second in 1792. The second part was made the subject of a prosecution. Paine, though defended by Erskine, was instantly convicted, and was outlawed on his conviction. His publisher, Eaton, was also prosecuted, but was acquitted; the jury finding him "guilty of publishing, but with no malicious intention." On reading the two performances at this interval of time, and at a distance from the fierce passions which they both represented and excited, it must be admitted that Burke used much the harder language, and was far the more violent of the two. He wrote like a man of genius and an experienced statesman thrown off his balance by furious indignation. Paine writes with a sort of dogged prosaic zeal, without a touch of the fancy or enthusiasm which distinguished his antagonist. Here and there he indulges in a clumsy blundering joke. For instance, he says:—

If governments, as Mr. Burke asserts, are not founded on the Rights of Man, and are founded on any rights at all, they consequently must be founded on the rights of something that is not man. What, then, is that something? Generally speaking, we know of no other creatures that inhabit the earth than man and beast, and in all cases where only two things offer themselves, and one must be admitted, a negative proved on any one amounts to an affirmative on the other; add therefore Mr. Burke, by proving against the Rights of Man, proves in behalf of the *Beast*, and consequently proves that Government is a Beast; and as difficult things sometimes explain each other, we now see the origin of keeping wild beasts in the Tower; for they certainly can be of no other use than to show the origin of the Government. Oh, John Bull! what honours thou hast lost by not being a wild beast, &c.

There is a certain amount of this sort of stuff in Paine's other writings, especially in the *Age of Reason*, and a very little would no doubt be enough to gain him the reputation for stupid and gross vulgarity and profanity which is associated with his name; but there is much more than this in his writings. The greater part of the *Rights of Man* is made of very different material. He has a square, solid, lawyer-like theory to which he sticks like a leech, and which he contrasts, with much emphasis and considerable effectiveness, with the state of things then existing in England. There is a great deal of coarseness and abundance of ignorance in what he has to say, and every part of the work is pervaded by the fundamental fallacy which vitiated so much of the speculation of the day, and which threw Burke into paroxysms of rage unworthy of his great intellect and wide experience—the fallacy of supposing that it is possible to justify particular measures by alleging the truth of general principles which, after all, are only the particular measures put in an abstract shape. This is, at bottom, the fallacy of *idem per idem*. There is, indeed, no branch of speculation in which Mr. Mill's observation on the syllogism is more to the point than in politics. Take, for instance, the first Right of Man. "Men are born, and always continue, free and equal in respect of their rights. Civil distinctions, therefore, can be founded only on public utility." To say nothing of the bad logic of the last sentence (in which it would seem "not even" ought to be substituted for "only"), this is equivalent to an assertion that all Englishmen, all Frenchmen, all Germans, all Chinese, &c. were born, and always continue, free and equal. But the object was to prove the iniquity of the French system of privileged orders. Now, if all Frenchmen are asserted in the major proposition to be born, and to continue, free and equal, the minor and the conclusion are mere repetitions. This and other philosophical refutations of the Rights of Man have been so often insisted on that they may be taken for granted. We are more in danger of forgetting the strong

side of such affirmations. If the National Assembly had said, "The existence of privileged classes is injurious to the French nation, and is greatly resented by the bulk of the French people, and we will therefore destroy those privileges," they would have spoken plainly, and to a great extent truly; and there can be no doubt that they would have made good their words, or that the counter-propositions of many of those who condemned them as incendiaries and cut-throats would have been quite as unphilosophical, and a great deal more pernicious in practice. Indeed, if any one will go through the Seventeenth Rights of Man, regarding them not as philosophical axioms but as general rules for legislators, he will find it very hard to deny that, like the Book of Homilies, they contain a good and wholesome doctrine, and one fit for the times, though it was greatly controverted. If proof of this is required, let us imagine legislation proceeding on the opposite principles, as thus:—"Freedom is a bad thing, and restraint a good in itself. Mankind is divided into classes, the distinctions between which are immutable and ought never to be violated." "Certain individuals and bodies of men—to wit, the existing kings of European countries and the existing aristocracies—are entitled to the authority which they at present possess, whatever use they may make of it, and the rest of mankind has no other duty but that of obedience to them." "Men ought to be molested on account of their opinions, especially on account of their religious opinions, and that whether they disturb public order or not, if the constituted authorities dislike them." If we wish to do justice to the revolutionists of the last century, we must remember that their declarations of the Rights of Man and other dithyrambs were levelled not against calm Benthamite philosophers, or English constitutional lawyers nourished on the Bill of Rights and the Habeas Corpus Act, but against gross tyrannies which had been in the memory of living men as fierce and cruel as became their principles. First principles of all kinds are bad things, but we infinitely prefer the Rights of Man to the doctrines of De Maistre and Bonald, or even to the *Politique tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte*. The real objection to Paine's pamphlet lies, not in its vindication of the French, but in its stupid and ignorant attacks on the English Constitution. Even in them, however, there was some degree of truth. He was quite right in saying that England has no constitution at all in the American sense of the word. He would also have been right, we think, in denying that Burke appreciated this fact fully, or at all events stated it fairly, though he was wrong in accusing him rudely and coarsely of concealing it. The question whether or not it is a good thing to have a constitution in that sense of the word was far too delicate, and required far too much historical knowledge, to be treated by an illiterate partisan like Paine. We doubt, however, whether justice has been done in this country to his side of the question. A calm discussion of the question whether experience is in favour of the Sovereignty of the People and written constitutions would be extremely interesting, and by no means so one-sided a matter as many people suppose. The *Federalist* throws some curious light on the question, which is by no means a mere affair of oratory and metaphor.

It is strange in these days to read the proceedings against this work, and to see that the points seized on for condemnation are mostly historical and abstract. For instance, Paine called the Bill of Rights a Bill of Wrongs and Insults, and described the Revolution of 1688 in a very uncomplimentary way; and these, amongst other things, were viewed, not as errors or extravagances, but as crimes to be punished by law.

The work by which Paine will probably be longest remembered is undoubtedly the *Age of Reason*. There is nothing very remarkable in the book itself, but many circumstances connected with it are exceedingly singular. It is a pamphlet in three parts, published respectively in 1793, 1795, and 1807. The substance of the first part is a fierce attack on the whole scheme of Christian theology as usually propounded, and an equally vehement assertion of the principles of Deism. There is little in it that deserves notice except the remarkable history of Paine's own mind, to which we have already shortly referred. The rest consists of coarse objections to the coarsest and rudest way of stating particular theological doctrines, and of an ardent and obviously sincere glorification of physical science as "the Word of God," the true means by which a real knowledge of God may be obtained. It is only just to Paine to say that, in theology as well as in politics, the positive side of his belief was the foundation, and the negative merely a superstructure. He was coarse, violent, ignorant, and unmannerly to a degree, whatever was the subject in hand, but he was a thoroughly sincere Deist, and a man who believed with vehemence in the teachings of his own conscience; and these things ought to be borne in mind when we try to form an impartial estimate of his character. The first part of the *Age of Reason* is, in an intellectual point of view, altogether undeserving of notice. It is a violent and vulgar repetition of what had been better said by scores of other writers. It is obvious also that it was written *corrente calamo*, and without time either for consideration or reference to the commonest authorities. He says in one place:—"I insert the 10th Psalm as paraphrased by Addison into English verse. I recollect not the prose, and where I write this I have not the opportunity of seeing it." He gives, indeed, in the preface to the second part, the history of the composition of the first. He began the work towards the end of 1793, being then a member of the French Convention, and apprehending his own arrest and execution. A motion had been made which pointed against him, and he says:—

Conceiving after this that I had but a few days of liberty, I sat down and brought the work to a close as speedily as possible, and had not finished it more than six hours, in the state it has since appeared, before a guard came there about three in the morning . . . and conveyed me to the prison of the Luxembourg.

Whilst in prison, he says—

"I was seized with a fever that in its progress had every symptom of becoming mortal, and from the effects of which I am not recovered. It was then that I remembered with renewed satisfaction, and congratulated myself most sincerely on having written, the former part of the *Age of Reason*. I had then but little expectation of surviving, and those about me had less. I know, therefore, by experience, the conscientious trial of my own principles.

In his famous reply to the *Age of Reason*, Bishop Watson refers to this passage, and says that he fully believes in Paine's sincerity. It is, indeed, impossible for any one who can recognise the expression of genuine dislike and mental hostility to a dominant system or creed not to do so. The first part of the *Age of Reason* ought to be regarded as a kind of last dying speech and confession of a revolutionist who maintained to the end the principles in which he had conscientiously lived. It would be both useless and wrong to deny that, in the midst of its coarse and ignorant ferocity, there is a certain fuliginous magnanimity about it which is by no means destitute of impressiveness. It is also right to remember that there are ways of putting Christian doctrines which do revolt the conscience, and which provoke honest men to deny the matters proposed. It would not be difficult to find parallels for much of Paine's language in the writings of divines in considerable credit. The difference between them lies in the fact that they maintain that the doctrines which they agree with Paine in considering immoral are not a part of Christian theology. The positive part of Paine's creed, the belief in a good God, is held by every one who claims the name of a Christian; and it is very striking to see how this forms the foundation of his belief, and the mainspring of his general confidence in himself and his opinions. It would be useless to illustrate further, and in connection with topics of such a nature, the ignorance, the coarseness, and the unbridled vehemence of his language and ways of thinking.

The second and third parts of the *Age of Reason* are directed specifically against the Bible. He remarks, in his preface, with singular naïveté:—

"They will now find that I have furnished myself with a Bible and Testament, and I can say also that I have found them to be much worse books than I had conceived.

This remark gives the exact measure of the value of the book. If a man deeply prejudiced against the existing order of things, endowed—to use Bishop Watson's language—with "a considerable share of energy of language and acuteness of investigation," and destitute of almost every kind of collateral knowledge, were to go into a bookseller's shop, buy an English Bible, and, taking it for granted that it must either be a blasphemous forgery from end to end, or else absolutely true and perfect in every part from end to end, were to begin to establish the first half of the alternative by picking holes in it, he would write just such a book as the second part of the *Age of Reason*. Paine hardly seems to be aware of the fact that anybody before himself had ever handled the subject at all, and he seems also to have thought that he had finally disposed of the subject. At the end of his observations on the Old Testament, which fill a little more than sixty octavo pages, he says:—

"I have now gone through the Bible as a man would go through a wood with an axe on his shoulder and fell trees. Here they lie, and the priests, if they can, may replant them. They may perhaps stick them in the ground, but they will never make them grow.

It is needless to give illustrations at any length of the indiscriminate fury and vehemence with which Paine wrote. He says, for one thing, that the book of Job is the only book in the Bible "that can be read without indignation and disgust." He speaks of Isaiah as "one continued, incoherent, bombastical rant, full of extravagant metaphor, without application and destitute of meaning." In a word, it never seems to have occurred to him that there was any difference between the age of the Kings and Prophets and his own, or between their ways of expressing themselves and his.

The brutal, savage way in which Paine wrote about the Bible is as discreditable to his feelings as to his knowledge and judgment; but it must be owned that he raised, though in an ignorant and furious manner, the principal points which had attracted the attention of better informed writers long before his time, and which have been abundantly discussed since. Though he not only knew no Hebrew, but probably hardly knew that there was such a language, he notices the difference of phraseology which has lately been made so famous in connection with the discussion about the Elohist and Jehovistic documents. He also put his finger upon many of the passages which have been relied upon by one school of writers from the days of Spinoza downwards, to prove that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, and he makes observations as to the composition both of Isaiah and Jeremiah which are to be found in the writings of much better scholars—Bishop Kidder, for instance. This, of course, exposed him to the obvious remark that all his objections were old—an argument which has the disadvantage of not showing, or tending to show, whether or not they were well founded. The plain truth is that, if a man wants to make an attack on the Bible, the topics lie close to his hand, and can hardly escape him, even if he has no other critical apparatus than a reasonably good translation. The great question is,

what upon the whole, and after taking account of these adverse criticisms, people in general, at a given time, decide to think of the Bible, and of the religion which is so intimately connected with it. The outline of the case on the one side and on the other has been before the world for an indefinite time. Each age pronounces its general verdict by its actions, and in order to influence mankind deeply and permanently something very different is required from Paine's Old Bailey brutality.

The *Age of Reason* naturally suggests, by way of contrast, Bishop Watson's celebrated answer to it. It certainly is a masterpiece of style, and is well worth reading, if only for the sake of seeing how intensely bitter it is possible to be by the force of elaborate politeness. Watson writes like an accomplished and very clever college don who, by the force of circumstances, finds himself obliged to meet a pothouse orator upon equal terms. He instinctively appreciates the exigencies of the case, and writes with a sort of splendid courtesy and candour which must have stung his antagonist to the very soul. To say that he fully answers all the difficulties which Paine starts would be untrue. They are, and will long continue to be, the subject-matter of one of the broadest and deepest controversies in the world; but it is quite true to say that he gave the answers which at that time were supposed to be the proper ones in a way which showed conclusively that he was a most accomplished gentleman and scholar, and that Paine was coarse, brutal, grossly ignorant, and in the last degree rash and presumptuous. In our own days some of Paine's theories are advanced in a very different manner from his, and are defended by weapons which he did not know how to use; but, with every respect for the Episcopal Bench, we know of no living bishop who can write like Watson.

TRANSYLVANIA.*

MR. BONER takes Dr. Livingstone's saying, that it is easier to travel than to write about your travels, for the motto of his book. We cannot say, however, that we should have drawn any confirmation of the saying from a perusal of the book. Mr. Boner seems to be full of information as to the remote corner of Europe of which he writes, and he communicates it to us in a very pleasant and unaffected manner. If he really found travelling in Transylvania easier than writing, he must have a singular aptitude for encountering the nuisances of remote districts. He tells us incidentally of the amazing filth of the inns. On venturing a mild complaint of the dirt of the principal inn in the chief town of the district, the only satisfaction he got was, "Oh, you should see the Mediascher Hof (another inn), that is much more dirty." Mr. Boner could never, he tells us, go near the kitchen without fixing his eyes steadily upon the ceiling. Though beef is only twopence a pound, charges for meals are extravagantly dear; and Mr. Boner had to pay double of what seemed a fair price for his bedroom, on the ingenious plea that he had occupied it himself, and had also prevented some one else from occupying it. These and other discomforts incidental to travelling amongst such a remote people would cause many tourists to look at the country with little inclination to see its better side. Mr. Boner, however, seems to have been an excellent traveller in this respect. He writes in a state of never-failing good humour. He can never speak with sufficient gratitude of the hospitality, and of the graceful and courteous manners, of the Hungarian country gentlemen. He speaks with equal warmth of the Protestant pastors of the Saxon population, and evidently ingratiated himself with their flocks. He possesses that useful curiosity which prompts a traveller to ask questions of everybody about everything. It is true that this exposed him for the time to a general suspicion of being a spy; but in an out-of-the-way district all travellers are assumed to be either spies or gold-seekers. On the other hand, it enabled him to see a great deal of the domestic life of the peasantry; and he details to us with great satisfaction a negotiation which resulted in his persuading a father to allow his daughter, a girl of fourteen and a half, to refuse an offer from an importunate suitor. Evidently Mr. Boner knew how to make himself at home. In fact, Transylvania is one of those countries where a traveller is still a remarkable being in virtue of his travelling; hospitality is still a point of honour, which has not given way before hotel-keeping; by simply passing through a district, you establish a claim upon the kindness of the chief proprietors. If an Englishman in Switzerland were to call at a gentleman's house, and make himself at home there, on the simple ground that he was an Englishman in Switzerland, he would be thought as mad as a man who should call upon the Prince of Wales merely because he happened to be walking down Pall Mall. And not only are travellers, as such, welcome, but Englishmen are at present particularly welcome in that quarter of the world, as in fact they frequently are in places where they are not too well-known, and which are still beyond the wildest dreams of Mr. Cook's excursionists. The Hungarians especially look up to us as a political model, and read English and French literature because they won't read German, and have scarcely any of home manufacture. Mr. Boner frequently speaks of copies of Macaulay, Bulwer, Thackeray, and other English authors, and of finding the walls hung with engravings after Landseer and Hogarth. A bookseller told him that in a few years he had sold a dozen copies of Shakespeare and

* *Transylvania: its Products and People*. By Charles Boner. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

Byron, and only one of Goethe. So that any of our countrymen who follow Mr. Boner's footsteps may count upon such civilization and goodwill as are indicated by a taste for English literature.

Mr. Boner, like every one who has made a journey worth writing about, recommends other people to follow in his steps. Instead of going year after year to Baden or Homburg, he suggests that English pleasure-seekers should take an occasional trip to Mehadia, where there are certain baths impregnated with that charming compound, sulphuretted hydrogen gas. To Temesvar, he remarks, you can get all the way from London by rail; thence to Basiasch, whose name must be familiar to every one, there is another railway, and steamers daily pass Basiasch for Orsova; from Orsova you may get a carriage. The inducement of sulphuretted hydrogen gas would probably be insufficient to attract many people to take even such a mere holiday trip as this; we can get hot water with a disgusting smell much nearer home. But there are many other attractions at Mehadia. You may there see beautiful scenery, picturesque costumes, and new modes of life. And, what is more attractive to the genuine Briton, you may get a bear-hunt within an hour of the town, and wolves seem to be as plenty as blackberries. Bear-hunting, indeed, has its disadvantages in those districts. A bear is an animal with a considerable amount of discretion; in fact he is much more remarkable for that quality than the beaters whom you are obliged to get to assist you. The Wallacks who go out for that purpose are, it seems, "quite unable to repress their ardour." The consequence was that when Mr. Boner sent some of them out to look for bears, and they found seven, they shot the bears themselves, instead of reporting to their employer. On another occasion, Mr. Boner—who, as we know from his interesting book on Chamois-hunting in the Tyrol, is a mighty hunter—succeeded in getting the beaters to drive a bear straight towards him. As the bear approached, a certain intrusive publican, becoming unable to repress his ardour, let fly, and spoilt Mr. Boner's chance. So Mr. Boner appears to have left the country without ever succeeding in slaying a bear. This is the less surprising, as he tells us that the most noted sportsman in Transylvania had shot but eight in his life; whilst another, who had annually been into the woods for many years, had never even had a shot at one. This seems, however, to be owing to the intelligence of the animal rather than to his rarity. In default of bears, there are occasionally lynxes, a few chamois, and plenty of roes and red deer. Of birds, besides quantities of eagles, there are capercaillies, ptarmigan, and black-game, large troops of bustards, which are very difficult to approach, and a considerable variety of waterfowl. So that a man who could manage to repress the ardour of his attendants might apparently succeed in getting some sport.

It is only a small part of Mr. Boner's book, however, which is taken up with details of this kind. It is chiefly occupied in giving an account of the population. The strange mixture of races which he describes throws great light upon the immense difficulties of governing an empire of which Transylvania forms only one of the subordinate provinces. Mixture, indeed, is not the proper word, for their chief peculiarity is that, though contiguous, they absolutely refuse to mix. The Saxons keep themselves resolutely separate from all connection with their neighbours. The Hungarians hate the Saxons with a bitter hatred, and despise the Wallacks, their former serfs, who form the great mass of the population, and can only be said to be partially civilized. Below the Wallacks, again, come the half-wild Gypsies, who seem to be in a far more important position, relatively, to the surrounding races than in most other parts of the world. There is, finally, a small sprinkling of Jews, Slaves, and even Armenians, who have drifted from persecutions elsewhere into this remote no-man's-land. The numberless jealousies and difficulties which result from the conflict of these various races, each of which either hates or despises or fears each of the others, may be easily imagined. The most remarkable part of the population is the German, or so-called Saxon, people who form colonies scattered in detached villages over the country. They appear to have immigrated originally during the twelfth century, from various parts of Germany. They were settled in the country, which was at that time a desert, in order to form a strong frontier, and they received various charters from the Hungarian kings. They have kept together ever since, always remaining distinct from the other populations and retaining many curious customs from remote ages. They succeeded in maintaining their privileges against the encroachments of Hungarian nobles, and in driving back Turks and Tartars. But the still barbarous race of Wallacks has gradually swarmed into the land and surrounded the old Saxon colonies, till it now forms more than half the total population. These Wallacks still "demand as a right to share with another what he possesses"—a sweeping moral principle which gives rise to occasional difficulties. In former ages they gave way to a still more marked propensity to pillage, burn, and murder, which was held in check by the process of killing them everywhere like wolves. This did them a great deal of good, and a habit of devastating woods was put a stop to by what Mr. Boner rather quaintly calls a "mutual agreement" that he who had barked a tree should be hanged on the tree he had destroyed. The reciprocity certainly seems in this case to be all on one side.

The Saxons, kept constantly under the pressure of Wallacks and Hungarians, and cut off from frequent communication with the external world, have naturally retained much of their old character. One curious illustration of their ancient habits is to be found in the churches, which are so built as to be

fortifications as well as churches. On many of them the stones are still to be found piled upon the towers which were placed there in readiness to be hurled down upon invaders. On the most exposed side there are frequently no windows. The choir rises above the nave, and is loopholed at top. The other end of the church is protected by a massive tower. The whole building, with walls, bastions, moats, and strong gates, covers a considerable area, and forms a stronghold into which the peasants could lock their herds at night, and where they could retreat themselves in case of necessity. The colonies which gathered round this nucleus are formed of an exclusively agricultural population. They early became Protestants, and their pastors appear to have great influence over them. Every one who studies for the Church is bound to pass two years at a German university, or three years at the Protestant Faculty at Vienna. Moreover, he has to teach a certain number of years at a school before being elected a pastor. The consequence is, that the Saxon clergymen are remarkably well educated as a class; they are the centres of intellectual cultivation in their own country, and the connecting link for keeping up some intellectual communication with Germany. Mr. Boner speaks with enthusiasm of the number of men well informed in various branches of study, in the antiquities of their country, and in foreign literature. He even found one Saxon—the only foreigner, he remarks, of whom he could say it—who expressed an admiration for the English Sunday. The respect in which the clergy are held by their flocks seems to correspond to their merits. One of their duties, which seems to be rather a more onerous one than we should have anticipated, is that of acting as a court in cases of divorce. Divorce, it seems, has become a habit amongst the Saxon peasantry. It is allowed on the most trifling grounds. Mr. Boner mentions the causes most commonly assigned for separations in a list which he inspected. The most frequent reason given was "antipathy," then "compulsion to marry," "drunkenness," "insuperable disgust," "ill-smelling breath," and "groundless complaining." The most original is "*Augenverdrehen*," by which it is meant that one of the couple was in the habit of rolling his or her eyes; and perhaps the hardest, as against the wife, is the "drunkenness of the father-in-law." It must be rather difficult to avoid divorce in a country where your marriage may be dissolved if your wife takes to rolling her eyes, or her father gets drunk; and, under such circumstances, we can believe that in a town of 4,000 inhabitants there were pending, in 1862, 171 divorce suits. With the exception of this trifling eccentricity, the population seems to be moral and well-behaved. It is curious, however, that it steadily decreases; according to Mr. Boner it was 302,204 in 1787, and in 1850 only 192,482. This seems to imply that the Saxons will be soon swamped by the surrounding races, which have, in fact, supplanted them in some villages. Mr. Boner sets the fact down to "worldly pride"; meaning that, like the French, and for the same prudential reasons, they are unwilling to multiply. If so, they have carried their prejudices a trifle too far.

We have not space to notice Mr. Boner's interesting account of the other elements of the population, or to dwell upon the great natural resources of the country. A railroad to it would enable them to supply all Europe with excellent wine, and would tap an enormous coal-bed. However, the Hungarians want the railroad to cross one pass, the Saxons prefer another, and the Austrian Government leaves the project entangled in red tape. We should add that, in the interests of the Alpine Club, we have looked for some information on the Carpathians, as the lower mountain-chains are becoming interesting now that the Alps are exhausted. We are sorry that so excellent a mountaineer says little about them, except that there is a kind of sham St. Bernard's Hospice amongst them, whose chief was, and perhaps is, a robber.

LE CIEL ET L'ENFER.*

WE hardly know whether M. Allan Kardec is to be regarded as an authoritative exponent of the Spiritist persuasion amongst ourselves, but it is clear from his numerous writings that he considers himself in an especial manner called to the office of prophet in his own country, and endowed with those peculiar gifts which entitle him to speak as the messenger of heaven to unbelievers. If audacity in assertion is to be taken as constituting the evidence of knowledge and power above and beyond the faculties of ordinary men, we might well look upon him as qualified above all other masters of his craft to throw a bridge between the world of spirits and the world of common sense; and not only to set before our eyes in broad daylight what are the leading doctrines and professions of his sect, but to afford us some little testimony of an obvious and sensible kind by way of verifying and confirming what forms so startling a demand upon our powers of belief. A philosophical mind will be at all times ready to listen to what a witness of competent intelligence and apparent love of truth has to advance from his own experience of facts; but we certainly shall not be so precipitate in exchanging our old lamps for new as to put up with the *Evangile selon le Spiritisme* for the Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Nor shall we cast aside the belief, imperfect and vague as it may be, which Christianity at large has received and venerated, concerning the realities of the after life, for the amended version of

* *Le Ciel et l'Enfer, ou la Justice Divine selon le Spiritisme.* Par Allan Kardec. Paris: 1865.

that article of the Creed which M. Allan Kardec has vouchsafed us in his most recent publication—*Le Ciel et l'Enfer*.

Considering the amount of contemptuous pity which the apostles and adherents of advanced spiritualism are wont to pour upon the generally received Christian doctrine concerning the state of the soul after death, we naturally expect to meet at all events with some scheme or system which may throw a more definite light on the secrets of the future, or which may be at least consistent with itself while professing to hold out a superior clue through the windings of speculation upon the great mystery. So far as the process of demolition is concerned, the prophet of the new dispensation has an easy task. Where so little of a positive kind has been ascertained or revealed touching the condition of the departed and the laws of existence in the disembodied state, it cannot be difficult to hold up to cavil, and even to ridicule, not a few of the notions or tenets which make up the popular as well as the vulgar anticipations of the truth. While M. Allan Kardec confines himself to twitting the religionists of his day with the unworthy or grovelling or monotonous conceptions which they form of the bliss of heaven, and challenges them to realize in detail, or substantiate by proof, the images by which they seek to give form to the shadowy hints of revelation, he may take credit to himself for having disposed as summarily of one of the two great divisions of the unseen world as a distinguished personage is popularly held to have, by a recent judgment, disposed of the other. It is when we in turn come to interrogate the spiritualist, or listen to what his peculiar medium of information is supposed to impart, that we are struck with the poverty of ideas betrayed by his exposition of the secrets of heaven, together with the impudence which could prompt any man or set of men to set up so miserable a substitute side by side with the most abject form of Christian or even heathen superstition. The notions which minds of the common stamp—or, for that matter, minds of the highest intellectual order—figure to themselves of the happiness of the blessed, may be hazy or unreasonable enough. The eternal contemplation of truth, or the interminable singing of hymns, to which one or other of the extremes of religious opinion would condemn us, may be, as the writer says, neither a very seductive nor a very consoling prospect. That everlasting doing of nothing, or whiling away of time, if time may enter into the conception, may be worthy of no better name than that which he gives it—*une fastidieuse monotonie*. And in the pictures in which the best artists set before us the delights and raptures of angels and saints, it may be true that those beatified beings breathe an air of unmitigated ennui rather than of supreme and unmixed felicity. But what, then, has the "spiritist" to offer us in exchange for these tantalizing or wearisome glimpses of the future? The programme of his new creed is indeed sounding and full of promise:—

La doctrine spirite change entièrement la manière d'envisager l'avenir. La vie future n'est plus une hypothèse, mais une réalité; l'état des âmes après la mort n'est plus un système, mais un résultat d'observation. Le voile est levé; le monde spirituel nous apparaît dans toute sa réalité pratique; ce ne sont pas les hommes qui l'ont découvert par l'effort d'une conception ingénieuse, ce sont les habitants mêmes de ce monde qui viennent nous décrire leur situation; nous les y voyons à tous les degrés de l'échelle spirituelle, dans toutes les phases du bonheur et du malheur; nous assistons à toutes les péripéties de la vie d'outre-tombe. Là est pour les Spirites la cause du calme avec lequel ils envisagent la mort, de la sérénité de leurs derniers instants sur la terre. Ce qui les soutient, ce n'est pas seulement l'espérance, c'est la certitude; ils savent que la vie future n'est que la continuation de la vie présente dans de meilleures conditions, et ils l'attendent avec la même confiance qu'ils attendent le lever du soleil après une nuit d'orage. Les motifs de cette confiance sont dans les faits dont ils sont témoins, et dans l'accord de ces faits avec la logique, la justice et la bonté de Dieu, et les aspirations intimes de l'homme.

The gulf between heaven and hell is the first thing to disappear from the spiritualist gospel. Together with the otiose and insipid joys of the good, are banished those physical sufferings which have so long been made the bugbear of the wicked. Eternal punishments are proclaimed to be as mythic as the brimstone, the blazing pitch, and the sulphureous stinks of the mediæval preachers. All spirits are seen scattered at various stages of progress up and down the ladder of perfectibility. In the process of elevation to supreme purity and beatitude, they have to undergo a succession of trials, in the course of which a method of metempsychosis or successive incarnations is brought prominently into play. While the better spirits are taking their incorporeal form, and become denizens of the more favoured spheres, those who are obstinate or sluggish in the spiritual race are condemned to such dreary penal settlements as, for instance, our own planet. On passing hence at death, they are assigned, according to the sentence upon their good or ill deservings, to a higher or lower state of being. It is not quite clear how much of their previous corporeity will cling to them in this state. In some passages we are assured that the spirits of the best sort, at least, are so wholly disembodied as to leave behind them the crass and heavy envelope of their earthly tenement; in others we meet with spirits still dragging about with them so much of bodily substance as may be required for occasional use, as when, for instance, they wish to appear visibly before the eyes of the mediums or their visitors, or to shake hands with their own surviving personal friends. The general state of a spirit at large appears to be that of a fluid something—*état fluïdique*—which is capable of the most rapid locomotion, without wings or other organs of propulsion. There is a head, hands, legs, and feet; but organs of any other kind are, we are assured, left out as superfluous. The distinction of the sexes disappears, though it appears to take some hours after death for

the sense of this deprivation fully to force itself upon the consciousness. Beards, in consequence, no longer exist to disquiet the spirits of bearded bishops. On the article of dress our Gospel is unfortunately silent. The fulness of light, however, involving an accompanying degree of warmth, and the remaining reason for costume disappearing together with the difference of sex, we need no longer wonder at the absence from the new revelation of a code of spiritual fashions. Distinctions of rank at the same time, at least of a spiritual kind, appear to prevail, though unmarked by outward uniform or insignia. The elect or enlightened followers of "spiritism" clearly form a class or clique apart, having over them—the French, we presume, in particular—"our spiritual president, St. Louis." Nor does the presidential chair among the spirits seem to be at all that seat of comfort and sinecure which we often conceive it to be under our grosser earthly institutions. St. Louis, or any other etherialized man or angel, is at any minute at the beck and call of any professional or hired medium, or of any little coterie who gather together in a dark parlour for a *séance* with the spirits or the *planchette*; for it is only gross and low-class spirits, we are told, who any longer have to do with ordinary tables, and hats have gone out as media in good spiritual society. But as St. Louis, it may be hoped, is not liable to be sent on duty beyond the present bounds of the Empire, we should, at the same time, like to know to whom we ourselves are to look. A frightful deal of work is entailed upon the whole class of spirits; and there is a run upon the best of them in particular, which—though eminently agreeable, we are assured, to themselves—seems hardly fair under any equitable distribution of offices and rewards. Some spirit of superior trustworthiness is told off, for instance, upon special duty, as a voucher for the identity of any less known or newly-arrived soul who has been called to attend a *séance*, or to attest a signature to written communications; for it seems that this part of the provisions of the University Election Act extends to the kingdom of spirits. Meanwhile, we are glad to hear—though the description is provokingly vague, after we had been led to expect disclosures which were to eclipse for ever the dim and paltry glimmer of previous revelations—that the spirits are in the enjoyment of "such splendours of creation as no human language can express nor the imagination of man conceive; in the knowledge of everything, in the absence of all pain physical and mental, in infinite serenity and mutual love, and in the full sight of God and the penetration of all mysteries."

All this is very magnificent, and is no doubt a highly desirable state of things. But the important question has to come, where is the proof of it all? *Qui a dit qu'il est vrai?* To this pertinent inquiry we can but answer so far as the present work proceeds to carry us—M. Allan Kardec. It is true that he summons to his side a host of witnesses from the world of spirits, who answer most politely the interrogatories put to them, and in some instances set their names to the affidavits purporting to come from them. But neither for the text of these communications nor for their signatures have we the slightest means of verification beyond the statements of the author. And whether the words were orally delivered in the ears of all present, or vouched for by the "medium" alone, we are equally left in darkness. When Sir Matthew Hale was once assured that a ghost had appeared and corroborated the statement of a witness as to certain facts, the judge contented himself with saying, "Order the ghost into court." We cannot, unhappily for us, command the attendance of St. Louis, or even of "Lazarus or Erastus," especially as we cannot tell whether the latter call would be responded to by the companion of St. Paul or by that later divine and moralist who has become associated with somewhat lax and worldly notions of ecclesiastical politics. We must be content, therefore, with the authority of those spirits, as cited by M. Kardec, for the communication signed "Jobard," which affords some obliging information concerning the state of that deceased friend of the writer, the excellent company he keeps—Lazarus and Erastus being by no means the most select of the number—and tells how much he (Jobard) had advanced, not only in spiritualist, but in geological knowledge, during the twelve days that his spirit had left his body lying in the cemetery at Brussels. The physician Demeure, a homœopath, might as well have added, while assuring us that he had come to "shake hands with his dear master and friend, M. Allan Kardec, and to tell him that his teaching was all true," whether he had gained equal illumination touching the truth of the globular theory. Dr. Demeure is attentive enough to remark that there are "too many coals on the fire," and on a subsequent occasion he comes all the way gratis to cure Madame G. of a sprained ankle. This lady, being a very lucid medium and sonnambule, had agility enough to catch the retiring practitioner by the hand, but only to faint away on recognising her healer, of whose death she had previously been ignorant. "Cette scène n'est-elle pas saisissante et dramatique?" Scarcely less dramatic, and perhaps even more kindling still, is the apparition of *jeune Foulon, née Wollis*, who, from acting the humble part of Miss La Creevy *ici bas*, finds herself blooming out, three days after death, into an artist of the highest order, crying out, "Des pinceaux! des pinceaux! et je prouverai que l'art spirite est le couronnement de l'art païen, de l'art chrétien qui périclite, et qu'au spiritisme seul est réservée la gloire de le faire revivre dans tout son éclat sur votre monde déshérité." We can only regret that such an opportunity should have been lost of accompanying the volume before us with spirit illustrations in the revived style of pagan and Christian art.

A very communicative spirit is that of M. Sanson. Whether

this gentleman was or was not a member of that illustrious family who have for centuries held the hereditary office of hastening the disembodiment of souls by severing the head from the body, we are not informed; but he displayed the promptness proper to an official by appearing at his own grave-side according to promise previously made by letter to the president of the Spiritual Society of Paris, and dictating to his weeping friends a sermon so edifying that it might serve as a model in the epitaph list of one of our carvers of tombstones. With somewhat of the contempt of a butterfly looking down upon the débris of the miserable grub that he was a moment before, M. Sanson describes himself as surveying, eight hours after death, the wretched carcase—*pauvre et infâme dépouille*—that had so long entombed his spirit. There are, on the other hand, less pure or gifted spirits who are a long time before they know themselves out of the body, like M. Samuel Philippe, or who can hardly be persuaded that they are dead at all. One Doctor Vignal, being asked how he liked his funeral ceremony, was good enough to say that he had made a point of attending, and highly commended the undertaker. All these are happy spirits. But there is a class of spirits who are moderately good, as also one of criminal and repentant spirits who have a more dolorous tale to tell. Suicides in particular, who have a chapter all to themselves, have a deal to undergo before they have worked out their expiatory sentence, although they can always find leisure to attend at the invitation of authorized mediums. There is the "suicide of the Samaritaine," who nearly cut off his head in a warm bath, and whose chief punishment lies in his spirit being compelled to dwell still in the body—whether in the head or trunk we are not informed—in which he feels himself stifled, and which we may certainly imagine to have been as moist and unpleasant a receptacle as the fancy of M. Mantalini himself could have pictured. In the case of similar unfortunates of our own, the cause of distress has been, on the contrary, if we remember rightly, a painful uncertainty or suspicion as to the whereabouts of that missing property of the spirit:—

I can't tell where my body is,
But Dr. Carpeue can.

We have not space for the sufferings of the *esprit ennuyé*, who is too languid even to give his name. This used-up spirit, after wandering about with nothing to do for a hundred and eighty years, *à peu près*, cannot be expected to lose in a moment his habits of lassitude. *Blasé* as he is, he does but drop in uninvited upon the medium, for the chance, we presume, of what little excitement may be picked up from the rope-trick or the flying tambourines. But when it comes to being asked questions, that is more than the exhausted spirit can stand. "Parce que tu questionnes beaucoup, cela me fatigue et j'ai besoin d'aide."

We constantly hear complaints now-a-days that the intellect of our day is getting too vast and powerful for the old forms and traditions of belief, and that there is a growing class of advanced minds who need something more intellectual, more profound, and more consonant with reason than the childish doctrines which have so long made up the faith of Christendom. The work before us professes to emanate from a sentiment of this kind, and to supply the world with a more rational gospel. If such is to be the standard of enlightenment for the time to come, we may well ask whether the wisdom of our new apostles is better than the foolishness of those of old. We may be tempted to fall back upon the thought of one who was held somewhat wise a long time ago:—"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

CHAMPFLEURY'S HISTORY OF CARICATURE.*

SOME months ago we noticed Mr. Thomas Wright's *History of Caricature*, a work which in some respects curiously resembles the ingenious French essay which we now propose to introduce to our readers. But M. Champfleury (who is a pupil of M. Philarette Charles, to whom he dedicates the book) confines himself solely to the caricature of the ancients, and is both more scholarly and more philosophical than his English rival. He may justly take credit to himself for having explored some little-known by-ways of the arts and the letters of the ancients. He avows, indeed, a special admiration for writers who, as he expresses it, are excluded from the *Almanach de Gotha* of literature.

M. Champfleury has enumerated the few scholars who have to some extent anticipated, or at least preceded, him in his studies. The list is headed by Wieland. Next to him comes the Count de Caylus; and two writers of our own day, M. Charles Lenormant and M. Panofka, have approached the subject, though from different points of view. M. Champfleury starts sensibly enough from the consideration that, human nature being what it is, there must always have been persons who would take a comic or humorous view of life and affairs; and that some of these would express by pencil or chisel what others embody in words. This is characteristically put in this way:—

Les arts marchent côte à côte et font pendant pour ainsi dire. En regard de Sophocle, Phidias. La niche en face de la statue d'Aristophane restera-t-elle vide? Qui fera vis-à-vis à Lucien?

Whether the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians had any appreciation of the humorous is the first inquiry of our author. He avows his difficulty in answering the question, when awed by the colossal sculptures of Thebes or Nineveh. But Sir Gardner

Wilkinson has discovered a papyrus exhibiting a party of Egyptian ladies suffering from a debauch at a wine party; and Lepsius has published some other satirical drawings (as he calls them), in which human beings are fitted with the heads of brutes, according to their presumed dispositions. The obscenities of these representations are somewhat naively defended by M. Champfleury as being "caricatures of love." The present volume is not very copiously illustrated. But one of the plates represents an Egyptian fragment, in which two rats are offering divine honours to a truculent-looking cat, which is seated in a dignified manner on a throne. This is explained by a young and rising Egyptologist, M. Théodule Déveria. It is difficult to determine whether the Egyptian deity Bés, described as a thick-set and apoplectic-looking dwarf, stood for the god of laughter or not. M. Champfleury decides the question in the negative, and argues that the East knew, and knows, little of genuine laughter. This faculty is reserved for the men of the North. His theory is that people who live among the fogs, which are the parents of spleen, reimburse themselves by forced gaiety for the asperities of the climate in which they live. Thus we English carry our sense of the grotesque to an extreme. Here is the proof of the assertion:—

Les Anglais en sont une preuve. Leur plaisanterie est grossière, mais énorme; et pour mieux prouver le rire de leurs acteurs, ils leur ont fendu artificiellement, par une épaisse couche de vermillon, la bouche jusqu'aux oreilles, se rapprochant, sans s'en douter, des masques grotesques antiques. Un dessin eût mieux fait comprendre ces analogies; mais il est facile d'examiner les *clowns*, les fragments postiches qu'ils s'ajustent sur le visage, comme les mimes antiques s'en adaptaient à de certaines parties du corps, et on verra que les Anglais ont conservé plus que nous le sens du grotesque violent dérivant de l'antiquité.

The caricature of the Greeks is more easily studied than that of the earlier nations of antiquity. By the aid of a well-known passage of Aristotle, M. Champfleury defines caricature to be the way of representing men or things worse than they are. Aristotle quoted Homer in poetry, and Polygnotus in art, as his examples of those who made men better than they are; Cleophon and Dionysius, as examples of naturalistic treatment, describing men as they are; and Pausan the caricaturist, Hegemon of Thasos, the inventor of parodies, and Nicochares, the author of the *Deliad*, as those who drew men worse than they are. As becomes his subject, M. Champfleury argues, and argues well, against Aristotle, that there are some human vices and weakness which nothing but caricature can properly chastise and control. And, as a fitting tribute to the memory of the first known caricaturist, he sets himself the task of rehabilitating the above-named Pausan from the strictures of Aristotle and the gibes of his own contemporary Aristophanes.

Pliny is our chief authority for Roman caricature. It is curious enough to find him speaking of the sacrilege of a painter, named Arellius, who made his mistresses sit as models for the goddesses whom he drew. As M. Champfleury comments upon this:—"Combien en a-t-on vu depuis d'Arellius, qui ont donné aux Vierges et aux Madones la figure de leurs maîtresses, et qui n'ont pas cru commettre de sacrilèges?" Interesting as are M. Champfleury's quotations and remarks on the literary history of caricature, his illustrations, as appealing to the eye (the proper province of caricature), are much more to the purpose. Thus he reproduces the most curious fresco from the Casa Carolina at Pompeii, which represents a painter's studio. All the figures in this picture are squat and exaggerated, with large heads. The artist, seated on a stool, is sketching his sitter with true professional mannerism. Two connoisseurs discuss the painting, in attitudes which might be copied in *Punch*; and a goose, entering by the door, with large open beak, "pousse un cri stupide." What this goose means is a subject of much dispute. The most amusing suggestion—evidently originated by a painter—is that the "art-critic," making his round of the studios, is thus pilloried. Another famous specimen of antique caricature is a fresco, discovered at Gragnano in 1764, on which a group of three human figures with dogs' heads is evidently meant to be a parody of the flight of Æneas from Troy, with his father Anchises on his shoulders, and the little Ascanius running by his side and holding his hand. Do our readers know what is meant by a "gryllus?" It is a technical name for a caricature of a man in a strange costume, or with some substitution of an animal's head or limbs. The name is derived from the success of one Antiphilus, mentioned by Pliny, in caricaturing some one so called. Hence it came to include mere fanciful caprices and whimsies, such (for instance) as a fresco, discovered in 1745 in Herculaneum, in which a cicada, perched on a chariot, drives a huge parrot, or some such bird, harnessed in the shafts. With cumbersome lack of humour, certain writers of course attempt to find a significance and an explanation for this fanciful representation. One writer, for instance, tries to show that the painter meant to show how the Emperor Nero was directed by Seneca the philosopher! Of course the glyptic art of the ancients, as preserved in gems and intaglios, offers a rich harvest of chimeras and other devices. Of these M. Champfleury engraves numerous specimens—such, for instance, as an amethyst, in the Caylus Collection, on which is engraved a lion driving a brace of cocks in his chariot; and a red jasper, in the same cabinet, with a dolphin, reins and whip in mouth, urging to full speed a pair of harnessed caterpillars. He finds also many illustrative quotations in some of the epigrams of the Greek anthology. The fictile vases of antiquity, again, are laid under useful contribution for illustrations of our author's subject. For example, there is a vase, in the Williams-Hope Collection, in which the arrival of Apollo at Delphi seems to be distinctly parodied.

* *Histoire de la Caricature Antique*. Par Champfleury. Paris: E. Dentu. 1865.

M. Champfleury gives a very curious chapter on the antique cultus of Priapus, whose physiognomy (he says) always reminds him of the contemporary portraits of Henry IV. of France. We can scarcely agree with him that Falstaff, Punch, and Sancho Panza are cousins of the Priapus of antiquity. Of the *Karakens* of Algiers and of Constantinople we know nothing. Passing over this, and also some ingenious discussions about a grotesque representation of a potter at his work which is to be seen on an ancient lamp found at Pozzuoli, we come to an essay on the Fool or Jester of Mediæval Times, and the Dwarfs and Pigmies of Antiquity. Judging from the frescoes and other illustrations of combats between the pigmies and the cranes which are here given, we fancy that the Pompeian decorators used these conventional dwarf figures much in the same way that amorini are employed in the mural painting of the Renaissance, and angels in sacred pictures of the later schools. Far more interesting, however, than these chapters is one on the *Graffiti*, or wall-scratchings, of Pompeii, borrowed chiefly from a treatise by P. Garucci, a learned Jesuit archaeologist, on that subject. Some of these are here engraved—such as, for example, a head crowned with laurel, the drawing evidently of a child; and an inscribed heart, which seems to be a lover's token. The now famous caricature of a Christian worshipping a crucified figure which has the head of an ass forms the subject of a separate chapter. This *graffito* was found traced on a wall in a garden on the Palatine Hill at Rome, and is certainly a most curious relic of heathen calumny. Finally, M. Champfleury concludes with a chapter on Laughter, written in a rather affected and spasmodic style; and appends a humorous story of a trick played upon a distinguished French archaeologist, whom we guess, from the initials given, to be M. Raoul-Rochette. It appears that this excellent antiquary was deceived by a forged antique sketch (supposed to be drawn by the Baron von Stackelberg) which depicted a figure of Fame running away from a pursuer, with her hand applied to her nose, after a fashion common among dirty little boys in the street. The result was a learned essay on the great antiquity of that symbol of derision. The legend was ΕΚΑΣ ΠΑΙ ΚΑΛΕ. M. Champfleury pleasantly imagines that his own researches might be thus received by the goddess of the antique. "Je me demande," he says, "si l'antiquité ne me dira pas à moi aussi: Loin d'ici, méchant enfant!" On the contrary, we think that the author has made a very ingenious and instructive essay on a curious and out of the way subject. It is only to be regretted that he has not given more numerous illustrations. In all matters of caricature the eye, as he himself is well aware, is the best interpreter. It is impossible to picture to oneself any humorous drawing by the mere help of verbal description. We may add that the publishers advertise a companion volume under the title of a *History of Modern Caricature*.

THE EARLY QUAKERS.*

WE do not know what either the writer or the subjects of this volume would say to our confession that, before we opened it, we set it down as a novel. "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall"—the only portion of the above long title-page which appears outside—had a romantic sound about it. The "Fells" might either be rocks or men, but in either case our carnal mind looked for a story. On opening the volume we saw our mistake. The Fells are a family of that name, and Swarthmoor Hall is no creation of romance, but a genuine English manor-house, in which the Fells dwelt. It is situated in the district of Furness, that detached part of Lancashire which looks as if it ought naturally to belong to Cumberland. Swarthmoor had been part of the possessions of Furness Abbey, but in the middle of the seventeenth century belonged to Thomas Fell, called Judge Fell. His principal judicial office (for he held several) was that of one of the Judges of North Wales and Chester. He married Margaret Askew, described as a descendant of Anne Askew the martyr. Margaret became a Quaker, and, after her husband's death, she married George Fox, the apostle of her sect. The history of the Fell family thus becomes closely connected, or rather identical, with the early history of the Society of Friends. To members of that Society the book must have all the charm of a martyrology. To the ordinary reader it is apt to get wearisome in parts, for of course no special interest is felt in the Fells as Fells, but only so far as their doings and sufferings throw any light on the history of the time. To the author the book is in every way creditable. She naturally writes as a partisan, and is anxious to make the best case she can for her own people. But she never falls into the least degree of cant or extravagance. Dealing, as she does, with the saints and heroes of her own persuasion, she has the good sense to keep her admiration within the bounds of discretion. Impartiality we do not look for in such a case, but it is something to find a book on such a subject which never becomes silly or offensive. It would be well if ecclesiastical biography had always been written in as rational and moderate a style.

Two or three recent books have called some degree of attention to the present state of "the people called Quakers." It is not long since a prize was offered, we forget by whom, for the best essay on the causes of their religious decay. The Society then, we suppose, is, by the admission of its own most zealous members,

confessedly fallen from its first love. Such a fall is not to be wondered at. Quakerism, as a theological system, consists mainly in the refusal to conform to certain practices which other sects of Christians look on as always innocent, and in some cases obligatory. The Quaker sees deadly sins in various legal and social usages which do not trouble the conscience of anybody else. He objects to all religious ceremonies, even to those two Sacraments which Christians of all other ways of thinking hold to be of divine appointment. But the very denial of ceremony has itself become ceremonial. Other people take off their hats and say "you," as a matter of course, without thinking about it, and without any consciousness that they are performing a ceremony. The Quaker, who makes a conscience of wearing his hat and saying "thou," is the real ceremony-monger. If it really be true that a Quaker and his wife, when at a distance from any other of the faithful, hold a religious meeting by sitting for a while in their own dining-room, hatted, bonnetted, and silent, we can only say that such a system does, in point of attachment to ceremony, fairly beat anything devised by monks, Pharisees, or Brahmins. Quakerism, no doubt, in its first estate, had other elements in it besides these negative ones. But these negative usages are what most forcibly strike the outsider, and it is hardly possible but that the ordinary Quaker must, to say the least, lie under a great temptation to prefer them to the weightier matters of the Law. A system of which doctrines of this kind form, at all events, a prominent portion, is apt, when it becomes at all dead, to become very dead indeed.

The early Quakers were no doubt widely different, and that their system had something attractive about it is plain from the fact that they made proselytes in abundance. Nowadays we hear of people turning Quakers about as often as we hear of their turning Jews. Indeed, we are not sure whether modern Quakerism has so much as a solitary Lord George Gordon to boast of. It was very different in the seventeenth century. Mad as George Fox seems to us, mad as he probably was, his teaching was accepted by people who certainly were not mad. It was accepted by several clergymen, both Episcopal and Presbyterian, who gave up their preferments to embrace a system which knocked every sort of priestly privilege on the head. It was accepted by men and women of good position and of otherwise rational behaviour. Margaret Fell herself gives no sign of lunacy, unless it be in marrying her prophet when she had reached the age of fifty-five. The elder and the younger Barclay, the soldier and the scholar, were proselytes still more honourable, and the fame of William Penn is known to all men. A system which such people adopted could not have been so irrational as it looks to us at first sight. To be sure, as Lord Macaulay says, Fox prophesied nonsense, and Barclay translated it into sense; but there must have been something more than one sees at first to make such a man as Barclay undertake such an office. Were men so utterly sick of the disputes of Popes, Bishops, and Presbyters, of controversies about transubstantiation and consubstantiation, that they were ready to seek refuge in a system which relieved them from such questions even at the cost of giving up all priesthood and all sacraments whatsoever? However this be, we have the fact that Quakerism, a system now purely stagnant, did then make many proselytes, and many of them proselytes of whom no religious communion need be ashamed. But this proselytizing spirit made a wide difference between Quakers then and Quakers now. The Quakers now are the most harmless of sects. Their peculiarities hurt nobody, and they are now so familiar that we hardly laugh at them. They are the last sect whom anybody would wish to persecute. When Mr. Froude has at last made up his mind who are the right people to burn, we feel sure that the inoffensive wearers of broad brims and close bonnets will still be quite safe. The law has long looked on them with special tenderness, and has rewarded their inflexible obstinacy with exceptional privileges. But proselytizing Quakers must have been quite another sort of people. They were essentially men who turned the world upside down. Papists and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, chose to break one another's heads about their several dogmas, but there was nothing that really need have hindered them from joining together in the ordinary business and intercourse of life. But the Quaker was like an early Christian among a nation of worshippers of Jupiter. Every action, every word, of daily life, public or private, contained something to offend him. A man who went over to such a sect cut himself off from the rest of mankind far more completely than if he simply went wrong about Justification by Faith or the jurisdiction of Bishops. And, in those days, the Quakers made it their duty not only to abstain from what they thought wrong, but to protest against those who thought otherwise. In such a record as the one before us, we do not see the darker side of the early Quakers. Margaret Fell and her family were not likely to fall into the wildest extravagances of some of their brethren. We do not fancy them running—sometimes running naked—into churches and courts of justice, and insulting clergy and magistrates as hireling priests and unjust judges. Yet Margaret Fell herself, when she was brought within the grasp of the law, held a dialogue with her judge which no judge could be expected to put up with. Whatever was the established government in Church or State, the Quaker appeared as the common enemy of all social order. He was hateful alike to King and Protector, to Bishop and Presbyter. The persecution of the Quakers was odious, because all persecution is odious, and because the Quakers were dealt with in a way which was specially unfair. The Quaker could hardly be called a peaceable subject, but he was a loyal subject, so far as that to conspire against either

* *The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their Friends, with an Account of their Ancestor, Anne Askew, the Martyr. A Portraiture of Religious and Family Life in the Seventeenth Century, compiled chiefly from Original Letters and other Documents, never before published. By Maria Webb. London: A. W. Bennett. 1865.*

King or Protector was alien from all his doctrines and feelings. And certainly no one was further from wishing to bring in the jurisdiction of any foreign Prince, Prelate, or Potentate. But the Quaker would not swear to anything; therefore he would not swear allegiance to the King. He would not renounce the Pope upon oath; he therefore, the antipodes to the Papist, made himself liable to the penalty ordained against Popish recusants. No wonder the Quaker complained feelingly of the horrible injustice of such treatment; but it is clear that it was thoroughly according to the letter of the law. And it should be specially remarked that the persecution of the Quakers was in no way exclusively the sin of the Monarchy or of the Episcopal Church. The Restoration only continued what the Protectorate began. Clergy, magistrates, populace, were quite as bitter, often quite as unjust, under the Protectorate as under the Monarchy. And Charles the Second, whenever he could be got at personally, was clearly more inclined to grant a little indulgence than Cromwell was. Charles underwent a good deal of preaching, both personally and by letter, from Margaret Fell, and her style, comparatively moderate as it is, was not exactly what kings are used to. She had, before that, tried Oliver. Of the two, Charles seems to have been the readier listener.

But of all Quakers and Quakeresses, let us most honour Mary Fisher, who in 1660 went all the way to Hadrianople, with the hope of converting the Grand Turk. And some honour too is owing to Mahomet the Fourth, who treated her much better than either King or Protector treated her friends in England. We have to quote at secondhand from Sewal, the Quaker historian, but the interview is too creditable to both Turk and Quaker to be passed by:—

The Turkish Emperor having named a time when he would receive her, Sewal says:—"Being come to the camp, she was brought before the Sultan, who had his great men about him in such manner as he was used to admit ambassadors. He asked, by his interpreters (whereof there were three with him), whether it was true what had been told him, that she had something to say to him from the Lord God? She answered, 'Yea.' Then he bade her speak on. She, pausing, and weightily pondering what she might say, and he, supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her whether she desired that any might go aside before she spoke? She answered, 'No.' He then bade her speak the word of the Lord to them, and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could hear it. He also charged her to speak the word she had to say from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would. Then she spoke what was upon her mind.

"The Turks hearkened to her with much gravity till she had done, the Sultan asking her whether she had anything more to say. She asked him if he understood what she had said, and he answered, 'Yes, every word;' and further said, that what she had spoken was truth. Then he desired her to stay in that country, saying that they could not but respect one who had taken so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord God. He also proffered her a guard to convey her to Constantinople, whither she intended going. But, not accepting this offer, he assured her it was dangerous travelling alone, especially for such an one as she; and he wondered she had passed safely so far as she had; adding, that it was out of respect and kindness to her that he made the offer, that he would not for anything that she should come to the least hurt in his dominions.

"She having no more to say to the Sultan, the others asked her what she thought of their prophet Mahomet? She answered, warily, that she knew him not; but Christ, the True Prophet, the Son of God, who was the light of the world, and enlightened every man coming into the world, Him she knew. And concerning Mahomet, she said they might judge of him to be true or false, according to the words and prophecies he spake; adding, 'If the word that a prophet speaketh come to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord hath sent that prophet; but if it come not to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord never sent him.' The Turk confessed she had spoken truly; and Mary, having delivered her message, departed from the camp to Constantinople, without a guard and without the least hurt or scoff. So she safely arrived in England."

After this, it is really a fall to read that Mary Fisher, instead of becoming the Chlothilda or Æthelburh—nowadays we should say the Emma—of the Ottoman Empire, two years after "was married to William Bailey, a sea-captain, and a preacher and writer of considerable note among the Friends."

We mentioned Robert Barclay. Let us add that this volume contains a poem by "the American poet Whittier" called "Barclay of Ury," which, if it is not to be found elsewhere, would alone make the *Fells of Swarthmoor* a book worth having. Notwithstanding one or two eccentricities arising from a peculiar metre, we cannot help setting it down as one of the noblest ballads in the English language. It is unluckily too long to quote, and a single stanza or two would hardly be intelligible.

A WORKING-MAN'S VIEW OF AMERICA.*

IF this book really justified the promise conveyed in its title, it would have very great claims on the attention of English readers. In every country the working-classes lie beyond the reach of ordinary travellers, while in America, both from the more important part they play in political life and from the extent to which they are recruited by emigration from our own country, their actual condition is to us a matter of more than usual interest. Unfortunately, however, the author has not made the best use of his opportunities. Writing as a working-man, he nevertheless deals too largely in descriptions of facts and objects which are the common property of every grade of society. He is too fond of giving us his own conclusions rather than the materials on which they are founded; and though his experience seems to be mainly confined to New York, he generalizes rather at random on the

condition of the working-classes throughout the country. He seems, indeed, to have had good opportunities for acquainting himself with artisan life in the States, but though it would be hard to insist upon his throwing the results of his travelling experiences into an autobiographical shape, we should like to have known a little more of what these opportunities were. He tells us that he worked at one time in a hat manufactory in New York, and his title-page deposes to the length of his stay in the country, but as to the extent of his travels in it he is wholly silent. Still, in spite of many defects, there is a good deal of curious information scattered over the book, and a perusal of it will probably help the reader to realize more clearly than he otherwise could do the force of the arguments for and against emigration to the United States.

As regards one class of the community, the advantages seem to lie all one way. In comparison with England, and still more in comparison with Ireland, America is a very paradise for unskilled labour. After making all allowances for the greater cost of living since the beginning of the war, there can be but few agricultural labourers in this country who would not be better off in the States, with wages averaging from 28s. to 36s. a week, than they can ever hope to be at home. And in their particular case emigration seems to be the only present means of raising their physical condition. All other suggestions for attaining this end imply as a preliminary to success such a diminution of numbers as shall make labour more valuable. Whether they had better go to our own colonies or to the United States—in which latter they might serve as a corrective to the hostile Irish element which is so largely represented there—is another question; but, however that may be answered, emigration on a larger scale, or rather perhaps from a different class, than has hitherto been tried in England, seems to be the first step towards that improvement in the base of our social system which has long been so greatly needed and so vainly striven after. But, with regard to the artisan class, the argument, if the writer we are dealing with is to be relied on, lies the other way. "If a journeyman hatter," he says, speaking of his own trade, "in any part of the United Kingdom can earn from 25s. to 30s. a week, I would certainly advise him to remain where he is; nor do I know any class of tradesmen, under the altered circumstances of the country, who are likely to better their condition" in the United States. The nominal wages in America, it is true, are usually double the sum just named, and at some kinds of work as much as 100, has actually been made in a single week; but these exceptional earnings simply show what a very good workman can do under great pressure, and probably with a long course of idleness coming immediately before and after his spasmodic burst of industry. It may be objected, perhaps, that fifty shillings a week is as great an advance on five-and-twenty as twenty-eight shillings is on fourteen; but this line of argument leaves out of sight the very important fact that in the one case there is a change from extreme poverty to comfort to which there is no parallel in the other. The labourer who here spends three-fourths of his income on food and lodging may pay in the same disproportionate way in the United States; but then, in the first instance, he can but just keep above starvation, while in the other he will have as much as he can want to eat.

Putting aside, however, these estimates of comparative advantages, let us look at the general picture of working-class life which the book presents to us. As a rule, it seems, working-men, like other Americans, eat a great deal too much and a great deal too fast. This is partly the result of their general adoption of the boarding-house system. In these establishments "the tables are well spread; tea and coffee for breakfast, in the winter hot buckwheat cakes with butter and molasses, plain and fancy bread, fried potatoes, beefsteaks, mutton and pork chops, ham, pickles, and preserved fruits, are nearly always on the table." They take this meal about six in the morning, and repeat it, with slight variations, at noon, and about seven in the evening. The more they can contrive to eat on each of these occasions the less profit the boarding-house keeper will make out of them, and among so sharp a people as the Americans this consideration is not likely to be overlooked. Clearly, however, such a dietary as this would be a severe trial, even to a man engaged all day in active employment in the open air; and what it must be to a man sitting perhaps in a hot and confined room, and moving only his arms at his work, could only be adequately pictured by a sensation novelist under an attack of nightmare. The only person who benefits by the system is the vendor of quack medicines; and as long as people insist upon overeating themselves after this fashion, they can hardly be more profitably employed than in consuming box after box of extremely innocent pills. Nor do the mischiefs of boarding-house life stop short at the region of the stomach. The pocket suffers as well as the health. A man ought not to spend half his income in paying for his own board and lodging, which, as the terms at these places range from 16s. to 28s. a week, is exactly what happens. But the worst sufferers, at least in character, are the women. They have but little to occupy their time, and they soon come to look upon even that little as a burden, and to ape the extravagance in dress and the freedom of manners which are generated by the same mode of life in the wealthier classes. A working-man's wife thinks herself entitled to four bonnets a year; and a working-man's daughter, brought up at a boarding-house, soon learns to throw off all restraint, and moves to another boarding-house if she does not find herself sufficiently at ease under the same roof with her parents. When thus left to

* *Three Years among the Working-Classes in the United States during the War.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.

themselves, the "young ladies" begin to dispense hospitality on their own account:—

Surprise parties are quite common both in town and country. They are got up in the following manner: A number of young ladies club together and purchase a quantity of desirable food, wine, and spirits, all which is sent to the residence of one of the party most suitable for the purpose, and a number of young men are then invited to attend; the "fellows" are expected to find the music—love is stimulated through the stomachs as well as the eyes and ears of the guests; the time is spent in eating, drinking, dancing, and romping.

Sometimes the invitations are taken in person, and an immediate acceptance insisted upon; and the writer gives a quotation from a New York paper narrating how the members of a certain fire brigade were roused from their slumbers "by a party of pretty damsels, headed by White's Minstrels," and how, "as soon as the surprise was over, and the surrender completed, all hands proceeded to the ball-room, where the fun was opened and dancing kept up until six o'clock in the morning." Even assuming—which is assuming a good deal—that American young women can take sufficient care of themselves and their reputation to lead this kind of life with safety, it can hardly form a good preparation for marriage. And consequently the responsibilities which in other countries accompany that state seem, in America, to sit very lightly on the shoulders of many of those who enter it:—

Among the class of married people who keep house, it is a common thing for the man to do a considerable part of the slip-slop work. In the morning he lights the stove fire, empties the slops, makes ready his own breakfast, and, if his work lies at a distance, he packs up his mid-day meal, and, leaving his wife in bed, he packs himself off to his work. Even among the trading classes who have private dwellings, it is quite common to see the men bringing parcels from the market, the grocer's, the fishmonger's, or butcher's for the morning meal.

Where the duties of a wife are thus easily handed over, the additional trouble involved in being a mother is not likely to be welcome, and even where directly criminal means are not resorted to, the frequent practice of adoption offers a way of getting out of the difficulty which is eagerly caught at:—

It is a common practice with parents who look upon their children as an incubance to advertise them in their infancy for adoption; these affectionate fathers and mothers either dispose of their little ones for a consideration, or in their generosity give them away. An old acquaintance of mine, who has been in the country about twelve years, has two married daughters, both of whom have imbibed American notions of conjugal duty and motherly affection—each has given away an infant, and each has left her husband.

A working man, therefore, who is thinking of emigrating to the United States must count the cost of finding himself in a condition of society which will directly conflict with many of his tastes and feelings. If he is willing to put up with these changes in order to benefit by the increased opportunities for work which may be open to him, he will probably have no difficulty in making a good livelihood; but he must bear in mind that even this certainty may not be of long duration. The very freedom of trade, the very absence of any necessary apprenticeship which makes an opening for him, makes an opening also for hundreds of others. There is a consistent influx of recruits from the country districts, and, in the opinion of the writer of *Three Years in the United States*, the tendency to overstock the labour-market is so much on the increase that "the time is not far distant when the exclusive system of the European guilds will be introduced into the various branches of skilled industry." No doubt, if the American workmen should think it their interest to introduce such a system, they will be singularly rigid and unscrupulous in doing so, and it is difficult to say whether the masters would be even as well able to resist such a pressure as they are in England. A "Know-Nothing" movement in regard to labour would soon become a very formidable organization, and one which, so far as we can see, would be very likely to take the fancy of the people of the United States.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (OPERA COMPANY, Limited).—On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday next, Meyerbeer's Grand and Highly Successful Opera *L'AFRICAIN*. Miss Louise Fyfe, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madlle. Florence Lancini, and Mrs. A. Cook; Messrs. Alberto Laurence, Henry Corri, A. Cook, E. Dunck, J. G. Patey, C. Lyall, and Charles Adams. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. On Wednesday and Friday next, Gounod's celebrated Opera *THE MOCK DOCTOR*. Messrs. Henry Haich, Henry Corri, A. Cook, C. Lyall, and E. Dunck; Miss Thirlwall, Mrs. A. Cook, and Miss Lettler. After which the New Grand Ballet *GITTA LA BALLERINA*. Madlle. Duchateau, Madlle. Montero, Borelli, Carey, and Fancsaldi, Mr. H. Payne and M. Desplaces. Supported by Forty-eight Ladies of the Corps de Ballet. Commence at Half-past Seven. For Prices, &c., see Daily Advertisements. No restriction as to Evening Dress. Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray; Stage Manager, Mr. W. West.

MR. BENEDICT'S CHORAL SOCIETY.—The FIRST MEETING will take place on Wednesday Evening, November 8. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members can obtain the necessary Information, and Prospectus, on application to E. L. FARRAR, the Honorary Secretary, 41 Oxford Street.

MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL will appear in their COMIC and MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday next, and every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Twelve Songs and Impersonations, including the marvellous Living Photograph of Mr. Sims Reeves. Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places may be secured at the Box Office daily from Eleven till Five.

MR. GERMAN REED begs to announce that a New OPERA DI CAMERA, entitled *LOVE WINS THE WAY*, Composed by P. Buzaloni, Libretto by J. Finlay Finlayson, will be produced for the first time on Monday next, October 30, at Eight o'clock. Concluding with Offenbach's *CHING-CHOW-IL*.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.

STODARE.—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH REPRESENTATION.—THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—MARVELS IN MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM.—The SPYVIX, a Mystery; the Instantaneous Growth of Fungus-trees, and the Real Indian Basket Trick, as only performed by Colonel STODARE. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesday and Saturday at Three. Stalls at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, and Box-office, Egyptian Hall. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. "Almost miraculous."—*Vide Times*, April 18, 1865.

WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Thirteenth Annual WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (the Contributions of British Artists) at the French Gallery, 130 Pall Mall, will OPEN October 30.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. LEON LEFEVRE, Secretary.

DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES for KING'S SCHOLARSHIP will take place in the Chapter Room, on Friday, the 24th, and Saturday, the 25th November, 1865, at 9 A.M., when ONE SCHOLAR will be appointed to supply the present vacancy. These Scholarships (16 in number) are of the annual value of nearly £40 (£20 in Money, with exemption from Classical Fees), and are tenable at the School for Four Years, to which a Fifth may be added the Sixth Year. Anyone under Fifteen Years of Age, whether previously at the School or not, is admissible as a Candidate, provided always that his Parents are not in wealthy circumstances. Candidates are requested to send in their Names, with Certificates of their Birth, and statements of Circumstances, to Mr. EDWARD FARRER, Registrar to the Dean and Chapter, the College, Durham, on or before Monday, November 20. Further information may be had by applying to the Rev. HENRY HOLDEN, D.D., Head-Master.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.—Classes under Signor Garcia, Mrs. Street, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., J. Benedict, Esq., H. Frazer, Esq., Madame Louise Michas, Mmes. A. Roche, Dr. Heilmann, Mrs. Harrison, W. Carr, Thomas, Esq., J. Bedford, Esq., W. H. D. Howe, Esq., M.A., Signor Valletta, W. Moore, Esq., A. Chiomo, Esq. The SENIOR TERM begins November 1. The JUNIOR HALF-TERM, November 2. Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application.

MALVERN COLLEGE.—The VACATION will begin on Wednesday, December 20, and the SCHOOL will re-assemble for the following Term on Wednesday, January 3, 1866. For Candidates apply to the Rev. AUSTIN FARRER, M.A., the Head-Master; to the Rev. CHARLES M'DOWALL, M.A., and the Rev. F. B. DAW, M.A., Boarding-House Masters; or to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., Secretary.

PROPOSED EASTBOURNE PROPRIETARY COLLEGE, for the Education of the Sons of Noblemen and Gentlemen.—Prospectuses of this Undertaking may be obtained from J. H. CAMERON CURRIE, Esq., Solicitor, Eastbourne; the Rev. T. PITMAN, Vicar of Eastbourne; the Rev. R. W. PIERCE, Eastbourne; or CHARLES C. HAYMAN, Esq., M.D., Eastbourne.

THE INDIAN AND HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS.—The Rev. JAMES RUMSEY, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford, Rector of Llandough, near Cowbridge, Glamorgan, still prepares a few PUPILS for the University Examinations and for Matriculation.—Address, Llandough Rectory, Cowbridge.

RUGBY and other PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Coll. Cambridge, and Senior Assistant-Master of Wellington College, and formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury, receives BOYS of Nine Years of Age and upwards to be Prepared for Admission to the Public Schools, and Competition for Open Scholarships. The Quarter commences October 17.—Address, Overdale, near Rugby.

EDUCATION.—GERMANY.—The British Chaplain at Frankfurt is desirous to recommend a First Class LADIES' SCHOOL. He can conscientiously do so. References of a high order, in England and on the Continent, can be given.—For particulars, address the Lady Principal, Miss VALENTINE, Bleichstrasse, Frankfurt.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES will be held by the CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS on March 18th next, and following days. The Competition will be open to all Natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty who, on March 1st next, shall be over Seventeen and under Twenty-one Years of Age, and of good Health and Character.—Copies of the Regulations may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.

A MILITARY ENGINEER of great Experience in the Scientific Branch of the War Department, who is an Author on Fortification and kindred subjects, proposes that FORTY CANDIDATES, with great success, for the Line, the Staff, Sandhurst, or Woolwich. References, the most satisfactory, to Parents, Pupils, and the highest Military authorities.—Address, C. E., Boddington's Library, Notting Hill, W.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and THE LINE.—Mr. WREN, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by the best Masters, receives TWELVE RESIDENT PUPILS. Moderate terms. References to Parents of successful Pupils.—Withshire House, St. John's Road, Brixton.

PREPARATION FOR WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.—A TUTOR of long and successful experience, who has passed upwards of 150 Pupils, has a few VACANCIES. He is permanently assisted by a First Class Man in Classical Honours, Oxford; by a Fifth Wrangler; and by the most eminent Professors in Natural Science and the Modern Languages. For Terms and References address, Mr. ALLEN, B.A., Milford House and Sandhurst Lodge, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—CANDIDATES for the Civil Service of India are PREPARED for the Competitive Examination at the CIVIL SERVICE HALL, 12 Princes Square, Grosvenor, W., by A. D. SPILANKE, M.A., assisted by Teachers of the highest standing. At each of the Examinations for the last Seven Years, Students from the Civil Service Hall have taken very high places.—A Prospectus, giving Terms, List of Teachers, Successful Candidates, References, &c., will be forwarded on application.

TUTOR for OXFORD.—A Late FELLOW of his College, and Examiner in the Schools (more than Twenty of whose Pupils have taken their Degrees), receives a YOUNG MAN to be prepared either for Entrance or Moderations, or the Final Examination.—Address, Rev. Vicar, M.A., Messrs. Davis & Son, Law Bookellers, at Carey Street, London, W.C.

SANSKRIT and HINDUSTANI.—H.M.E.I.C.S.—Mr. COTTON MATHER (owing to the recent reduction in the Educational Staff at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich) will be happy to READ with Gentlemen in the above Languages, at 29 High Street, Kensington. References kindly permitted to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the Boden Professor of Sanskrit, Oxford, &c.

TO CHURCHMEN, CLERICAL or LAY.—An important CHURCH PUBLICATION of considerable influence is for DISPOSAL with or without the continuance of the present Editorial Management. Sum required, £1,000.—Apply, in the first instance, by letter, to B.C.L., care of Mr. Charles J. Grettton, Solicitor, 9 Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

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THOMAS QUARTERMAINE begs to inform the Public that his House, THE SHIP, will be kept Open through the Winter for the accommodation of Visitors. Greenwich, October 26, 1865.

GREAT MALVERN HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, lately erected by Dr. STUMMES on the slopes of the Malvern Hills, is now open for the reception of Patients. It is surrounded by extensive Pleasure Grounds. Terms moderate.—For Prospectus apply to L. STUMMES, M.D., Friensite House, Great Malvern.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Univ.—For the treatment of Chronic Diseases, principally by the combined Natural Agents—Air, Exercise, Water, and Diet. The Turkish Baths on the Premises, under Dr. Lane's Medical Direction.

THE CREDIT FONCIER and MOBILIER of ENGLAND, Limited.

Issue of 100,000 New Shares of £20 each, on which 25 per Share will be Called up by Instalments, no further Call being contemplated. The Issue will be made as follows:—50,000 Shares will be Allotted to the present Shareholders, and 50,000 Shares will be Allotted to the General Public. When the above Issue is completed, the Subscribed Capital will consist of

50,000 Shares of £20 each	1,000,000
The Paid-up Capital	250,000
The General Reserve Fund	500,000
The Dividend Reserve Fund	100,000

Directors.

The Right Hon. JAMES STUART WORTLEY, Governor.
JAMES LEVICK, Esq., Merchant, King's Arms Yard, Deputy-Governor.
JAMES NUGENT DANIELL, Esq., Deputy-Governor.
JAMES CHILDS, Esq., London.
WILLIAM DENT, Sen., Esq., Chairman of the Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Company.
ALEXANDER DUNBAR, Esq., Old Broad Street, London.
CHARLES ELLIS, Esq., Lloyd's.
ADOLPHE HAKIM, Esq., Cornhill, London.
WILLIAM HARRISON, Esq. (Messrs. Young, Harrison, & Bevan), Deputy Chairman of the Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Company.
RICHARD STUART LANE, Esq., Old Broad Street, London.
CHARLES E. NEWBORN, Esq., London.
HENRY FOWNALL, Esq., J.P., Russell Square, London.
JOSEPH MACKRILL SMITH, Esq. (Messrs. Mackrill Smith & Co.), Old Broad Street, London.
EDWARD WARNER, Esq., M.P., London.
JAMES WHITE, Esq., M.P., London.
ALBERT GRANT, Esq., M.P., Managing Director.

Bankers.

The AGRA and MASTERMAN'S BANK, Limited.
Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE, & SMITH.
The NATIONAL BANK, London, Dublin, and its Branches in Ireland.
The NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, Edinburgh, and its Branches in Scotland.

Solicitors—Messrs. NEWBORN, EVANS, & CO., Nicholas Lane, E.C.

Brokers.

Messrs. LAURENCE, BON, & PEARCE, 7 Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.
Messrs. HOBBS, FALL & PENNY, Liverpool.
Messrs. TOD & ASHTON, Liverpool.
Messrs. SHORE & KIRK, Manchester.

Secretary—ALFRED LOWE, Esq.
OFFICES—17 and 18 CORNHILL, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The marked success which has attended the operations of the Credit Foncier and Mobilier of England, Limited, is almost unexampled in the history of any Commercial undertaking. The results of its operations have been so satisfactory that, as will be seen by the Half-yearly Report just issued, a Dividend and Bonus, up to September 30, at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum, has been declared, being the same Dividend and Bonus as was paid for the previous Half-year.

Besides these unprecedented results, the Company is in the possession, up to September 30, of a General Reserve Fund of £200,000, of a Dividend Reserve Fund of £100,000, and has Profits in hand up to the same period, after paying the above-mentioned Dividend and Bonus, of £200,000 & 6d., the Paid-up Capital being £200,000, making in all £500,000 & 6d., or above £5 10s. per Share.

The following is the business transacted by this Company:—
This Company negotiates Loans for Colonial and Foreign Governments;
Co-operates in the Financial Arrangements of British and other Railways;
Makes Advances to Corporations, Town Councils, and other Public Bodies;
Negotiates Loans for Public Works;
Assists in the Introduction of Industrial and Commercial Undertakings;
Makes Advances upon approved Stocks, Shares, Bonds, &c.;
Makes Temporary Loans upon eligible Freehold and Leasehold Securities; and generally transacts such other Financial Business as is suitable to the Capitalist, whether as Principal or Agent.

The greatly-increased and still increasing amount of business offered to this Company, both by eminent Private Firms, Companies, and Corporations, has decided the Court of Directors to make their second Issue of Shares, by allotting the remaining Capital of the Company, consisting of 100,000 new Shares, on which 25 per Share only is intended to be called up.

These 100,000 New Shares the Directors propose to issue as follows, viz.:—
50,000 Shares will be issued to the Shareholders in this Company who stand registered on the books of the Company, to be Allotted to them at a Premium of £2 10s. per Share, in the proportion of one new Share for every two Shares now held;
50,000 Shares will be issued to the General Public (including such Shareholders as may wish to apply for Shares in addition to those they are entitled to as Shareholders), to be Allotted at a Premium of £2 10s. per Share.
The Premiums to be received upon this Issue will amount to £200,000, which will be added to the £200,000 already standing at the credit of the General Reserve Fund, and will thus increase that Fund to £400,000. The Dividend Reserve Fund being £100,000, the Paid-up Capital will then be £1,000,000.

The New Shares will be paid up as follows, viz.:—
On those issued at £2 10s. per Share Premium to the Shareholders:—
21 0 0 per Share on Application, being on Capital Account.
1 10 0 per Share on Allotment; £1 being on Capital Account, £1 on Premium Account.
2 10 0 per Share on January 1, 1866; £1 10s. being on Capital Account, £1 on Premium Account.
3 10 0 per Share on March 1, 1866; £1 10s. being on Capital Account, £1 on Premium Account.

On those Shares issued at £2 10s. per Share Premium to the General Public, the following will be the mode of Payment:—
21 0 0 per Share on Application; being on Capital Account.
1 10 0 per Share on Allotment; £1 being on Capital Account, £1 on Premium Account.
2 10 0 per Share on January 1, 1866; £1 10s. being on Capital Account, £1 on Premium Account.
3 10 0 per Share on March 1, 1866; £1 10s. being on Capital Account, £1 on Premium Account.

28 10 0, being £5 Capital, £3 10s. Premium.

These 100,000 New Shares will participate in the next distribution of Profits, pro rata with the existing Shares according to the amount of Capital paid up thereon; the valuable option will be, however, reserved to the holders of these Shares of paying upon any of them the whole of the above Instalments at any time previous to the date of the last Instalment—namely, March 1, 1866, on paying the Company's Stock Interest from the date of such payment to September 30 last, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum on the £5 on Capital Account; the Shares so paid up to be then entitled to the same amount of Profits next Half-year as is declared on the existing Shares.

Interest at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum will be charged on all Instalments not punctually paid, and any Instalment not duly paid will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

The Directors are aware that in thus admitting the public to subscribe for Shares, at a price so much below their real value, they are departing from the practice generally adopted in an issue of new Shares, of offering the whole of them to the Shareholders; but the Directors are so impressed with the importance of increasing the area of influence of this Company—influence second only in importance to capital to a Company like the Credit Foncier and Mobilier of England—and have had such proofs, in the result of the issue of Shares a year ago, of the sound policy of admitting the Public to a participation in such issue, that they feel confident of obtaining the approval of the Shareholders in the course they have adopted.

The following calculation will guide Investors in estimating the intrinsic value of the Shares, after the Dividend and Bonus now declared are paid, and when the Issue is completed:—

The Capital paid up will amount to	£1,000,000 0 0
The General Reserve Fund	500,000 0 0
The Dividend Reserve Fund	100,000 0 0
In hand, Profits not divided	50,000 4 9
Equal to above £2 2s. per Share on the whole 200,000 Shares.	£1,650,000 4 9

So that the Public, on subscribing at £2 10s. per Share (being £5 Capital and £3 10s. Premium), are being admitted partners in this Company by only paying 16s. per Share Premium, as Premium; £2 10s. per Share being actually represented in value in the Assets of the Company. Over and above these advantages, there is the probable enhanced value which will attach to these Shares, in the same way that the Shares issued to the public at £2 10s. 6d. Premium in September, 1864, after having received £1 per Share in April last as Dividend and Bonus, are now worth £5 2s. per Share Premium, making together £6 10s. for what they paid £2 10s. 6d. for, being in one year more than 100 per cent. increase in value on the amount paid for Premium.

The Directors feel that with a paid-up Capital of £1,000,000, a General Reserve Fund of £500,000, a Dividend Reserve Fund of £100,000, making a total of £1,600,000, they will be in a position to meet the exigencies of any business that may be brought before them; it is, however, the intention of the Directors to increase, out of future profits, the Dividend Reserve Fund to £200,000, being in accordance with the plan announced in the last Report, to have always in hand one year's minimum Dividend of £50 per cent. per annum, calculated on the amount of the Capital paid up for the time being.

The Directors further wish to place on record their deliberate opinion and conviction that this Company is destined in a very short period to take a foremost place among the leading monetary institutions of the country.

Applications for Shares may be made in the Form annexed, and must be accompanied by the payment of £1 per Share. Should a less number be allotted than is applied for, the sum paid on account of the application will, so far as it will extend, be applied in payment of the sum due on Allotment.

Prospectuses, Forms of Application for Shares, and Copies of the Half-yearly Report (just

published) may be had on application to the Bankers, Solicitors, Stockbrokers, or of the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, 17 and 18 Cornhill, E.C.
The Lists of Application for Shares will be closed on Thursday, November 2, at Four o'clock, for London, and on Friday, November 3, at Twelve o'clock, for Country Applications, before the expiration of which time all Applications must be made.
London, October 28, 1865.

Form C.—General Public.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES, TO BE RETAINED BY THE BANKERS.

No.

To the Directors of the Credit Foncier and Mobilier of England, Limited.

Gentlemen.—Having paid to your Bankers (insert Bankers' Names) the sum of £..... being a Deposit of £1 per Share on..... new Shares in the Credit Foncier and Mobilier of England, Limited, I hereby request that you will Allot me that number, and I agree to accept such Shares, or any less number you may allot to me, on the terms of the Prospectus at £2 10s. premium per Share, and I agree to pay the amount due on Allotment, and the other Instalments as they become due, to sign the Articles of Association if required, and I authorize you to insert my name on the Register of Members for the Number of Shares so Allotted to me.

Usual Signature

Name in full

Residence

Profession

Date

1865.

THE CREDIT FONCIER and MOBILIER of ENGLAND, Limited.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the LISTS of APPLICATION for the NEW SHARES in this Company will be closed on Thursday, November 2, at Four o'clock, for London, and on Friday, November 3, at Twelve o'clock, for Country Applications, before the expiration of which time all Applications must be made.

By Order,

ALFRED LOWE, Secretary.

17 and 18 Cornhill, London, October 24, 1865.

THE CREDIT FONCIER and MOBILIER of ENGLAND, Limited.

At a MEETING of the Shareholders of this Company, held this day (Tuesday), October 24, 1865, at Eleven o'clock a.m.:

The Right Hon. JAMES STUART WORTLEY, Governor, in the Chair;

It was Proposed, Seconded, and Carried unanimously:

That the Balance-Sheet and Report be, and are hereby, approved, confirmed, and adopted.

It was also Proposed, Seconded, and Carried unanimously:

That the best thanks of this Meeting are due, and are hereby given, to the Governor, Deputy-Governors, and Directors for the great care and attention they have given to the Interests of the Shareholders, and for the extremely satisfactory results which have arisen therefrom.

It was also Proposed, Seconded, and Carried unanimously:

That the cordial thanks of this Meeting are eminently due, and are hereby offered, to ALBERT GRANT, Esq., M.P., the Managing Director, for the talent displayed by him in the administration of the affairs of the Company.

It was further Proposed, Seconded, and Carried unanimously:

That the thanks of this Meeting be given to ALFRED LOWE, Esq., Secretary, for his untiring attention; and to him and the other Officers of the Company for their industry and zeal during the past half-year.

By Order of the Court of Directors,

J. STUART WORTLEY, Governor.

ALFRED LOWE, Secretary.

17 and 18 Cornhill, London, October 24, 1865.

THE CREDIT FONCIER and MOBILIER of ENGLAND, Limited.

The Prospectuses and Forms of Application for the Shares of the New Issue of Capital of this Company are now ready, and, as well as Copies of the Half-yearly Report and Balance-Sheet, can be obtained at the Company's Offices.

17 and 18 Cornhill, London, October 24, 1865.

ALFRED LOWE, Secretary.

THE CITY OFFICES COMPANY, Limited.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

Paid-up Capital, £200,000; Mortgage Debentures, £300,000.

Directors.

H. F. L. ASTLEY, Esq. (Messrs. Astley & Co.).

THOMAS DAKIN, Esq. (Alderman).

CHARLES ELLIS, Esq. (Lloyd's).

JAMES LEVICK, Esq., King's Arms Yard.

EDWARD MASTERMAN, Esq., Nicholas Lane.

EDWARD WARNER, Esq., M.P.

The Right Hon. JAMES STUART WORTLEY.

Bankers—The AGRA and MASTERMAN'S BANK, Limited, Nicholas Lane.

Secretary—G. W. BENWELL, Esq.

This Company is now issuing a limited number of Debenture Bonds for Three, Five, and Seven Years, bearing Interest at 3 per cent. per annum, payable Half-yearly, in Sums of £40, £50, £100, and £200 each.

The Funds of the Company have been advantageously invested in First-class Freehold and Leasehold Property in the City of London, which, with the Capital of £500,000, afford the most ample security for all the Debentures proposed to be issued.

Further Particulars and Forms of Application may be had at the Temporary Offices of the Company, 70 Cornhill, E.C.

N.B.—These Debentures will be received from Shareholders in Payment of any future Calls.

SIX PER CENT. SECURED ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY IN LONDON.

The Directors of the INNS OF COURT HOTEL COMPANY, Limited, are ISSUING the remainder of the Company's SIX PER CENT. MORTGAGE DEBENTURES. These Bonds, secured as first charge on the entire Hotel property (estimated as worth not under £120,000), are issued for Three, Five, or Seven Years, with Coupons attached for payment of Interest Half-yearly, and Investors have the option of Paying in Full, or by Three Instalments.

The Company cannot borrow more than £80,000.

H. T. L. BEWLEY, Secretary.

Offices of the Company, 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 1865.

THE COFFEE, COCOA, COTTON, and GENERAL PRODUCE FREEHOLD ESTATES COMPANY of VENEZUELA, Limited.

CAPITAL, £200,000, IN 10,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH.

A Deposit of £1 per Share to be paid on Application, £1 on Allotment.

SIR ARTHUR RUMBOLD, Bart., Chairman.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be had by applying to the Secretary, J. H. BREFFIT, Esq., at the Offices of the Company, 41 Threadneedle Street, London.

THE COFFEE, COCOA, COTTON, and GENERAL PRODUCE FREEHOLD ESTATES COMPANY of VENEZUELA, Limited.

NOTICE.—No Application for SHARES will be received after the 31st instant.

By Order, J. H. BREFFIT, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE OFFICE, 1 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that Persons desirous of PARTICIPATING in the next QUINQUENNIAL DIVISION of PROFITS must complete their proposals for Insurance before the 31st of October next.

By Order of the Directors, SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 FILL MALL, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL AND RESERVED FUND, £1,200,000.

LOSSES PAID, £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every description of Property, at Home and Abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

All Policies are now entitled to the recent Reduction in the Duty to 1s. 6d. per cent., whether covering Buildings, Furniture, or Stock.

ANDREW BADEN, Superintendent.

PHOENIX FIRE OFFICE.—REDUCTION OF DUTY.—The

Reduced Duty of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum is now charged on all Insurances effected, whether on Buildings, Furniture, or Stock.

Lombard Street and Charing Cross, July 1865.

GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

ACCIDENTS TO LIFE or LIMB.—An Annual Payment of

£25 to £50, secured £1,000 in case of Death, or £50 per week while Laid up by Injury.—RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY. Offices, 64 Cornhill, and 10 Regent Street.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

(Established at Glasgow in 1826, and Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.) Particular attention is invited to the system of MINIMUM PREMIUMS introduced by this Society, under which it is believed that Assurances can be effected more economically than in other Offices. Explanatory Pamphlets may be had on application.

At December 31 last, the existing Assurances (10,381 Policies) amounted to £4,600,361; the Accumulated Funds to £1,070,966; and the Annual Income to £185,192.

LONDON OFFICE—1 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.